

1781-82. B. A.

THE

ing Flute

A

M E D

W A S H I N G T O N

1781-82. B. A.



L O N D O N

Printed by J. B. [illegible] And Sold by W. FRANKS
at New's Head, the Corner of [illegible] Street,
in the Strand. MDCCLXXXII.

MUSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To Her Royal Highness the

DUTCHESSES.

MADAM,



POETS, however they may be modest otherwise, have always too good an Opinion of what they Write. The World, when it sees this Play Dedicated to *your Royal Highness*, will conclude I have more than my Share of that Vanity. But I hope the Honour I have of belonging to you, will excuse my Presumption. 'Tis the first thing I have produc'd in Your Service; and my Duty obliges me to what my Choice durst not else have aspir'd.

I am very sensible, *Madam*, how much it is beholding to Your Indulgence, for the Success it had in the Acting; and Your Protection will be no less fortunate to it in the Printing: For all are so ambitious of making

George Ethelred

13

king

10

The Epistle Dedicatory.

king their Court to You, that none can be
severe to what You are pleas'd to favour.

This Universal Submission and Respect is
due to the Greatness of Your Rank and
Birth: but You have other Illustrious Qua-
lities, which are much more engaging.
Those would but dazzle, did not these really
charm the Eyes and Understandings of all
who have the Happiness to approach You.

Authors, on these Occasions, are never
wanting to publish a Particular of their Pa-
tron's Virtues and Perfections; but Your Roy-
al Highness's are so eminently known, that
did I follow their Examples, I should but
Paint those Wonders here, of which every
one already has the Idea in his Mind. Be-
sides, I do not think it proper to aim at that
in Prose, which is so glorious a Subject for
Verse; in which hereafter if I shew more
Zea! than Skill, it will not grieve me much,
since I less passionately desire to be esteem'd
a Poet, than to be thought,

Madam,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble, most obedient,

and most faithful Servant,

George Etherege.

PROLOGUE,

By Sir Car. Scroop, Baronet.

LIKE Dancers on the Ropes poor Poets sure,
Most perish young, the rest in Danger are;
This (one wou'd think) shou'd make our Authors wary,
But, Gamster-like, the Giddy Soul's misfary:
A lucky Hand or two so tempts 'em on,
They cannot leave off Play 'till they're undone,
With modest Fears a Muse does first begin,
Like a young Wench newly entic'd to Sin:
But tickl'd once with Praise, by her Good-will,
The wanton Fool wou'd never more lie still.
'Tis an old Mistress you'll meet here to Night,
Whose Charms you once have look'd on with Delight,
But now of late such dirty Drabs have known ye,
A Muse o' th' better sort's ashamed to own you.
Nature well drawn up and Wit must now give place
To gaudy Nonsense, and to dull Grimace:
Nor is it strange that you shou'd like so much
That kind of Wit, for most of yours is such.
But I'm afraid, that while to France we go,
To bring you home Fine Dresses, Dances and Shows,
The Stage, like you will but more Foppish grow.
Of Foreign Wares why shou'd we fetch the Stems,
When we can be so richly serv'd at home?
For Heav'n be thank'd 'tis not so wise an Age,
But your own Follies may supply the Stage.
Tho' often plow'd, there's no great fear the Soil
Shou'd barren grow by the too frequent Toil;
While at your Doors are to be daily found,
Such Loads of Dunghil to manure the Ground.
'Tis by your Follies that we Players thrive,
As the Physicians by Diseases live.
And as each Year some new Distemper reigns,
Whose friendly Poison helps to increase their Gains:

PROLOGUE.

*Beaming you, some Party on every Day,
Some one instead of Two for us to Play,
Then for your own sake do not too severe,
Nor what you all admire at home, Damn here,
Since each is fond of his own ugly Face,
Why shou'd you, when we hold it, break the Glass?*

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Dorimant,
Mr. Medley,
Old Bellair,
Young Bellair,
Sir Fopling Flutter,
Lady Townley,

Gentlemen.

Emilia,
Mrs. Loveit,
Bellinda,
Lady Woodvil, and
Harriet her Daughter.

Gentlewomen.

Pert, and Busy, *Waiting-Women.*

A Shoemaker.

An Orange Woman.

Three Slovenly Bullies.

Two Chair-men.

Mr. Smirk, *a Parson.*

Handy, *a Valet de Chambre.*

Pages, Footmen, &c.

THE



THE
MAN of MODE;

O R,
Sir *Fopling Flutter.*

ACT I. SCENE I.
SCENE, A Dressing-Room, a Table covered
with a Toilet, Clothes laid ready.

*Enter Dorimant in his Gown and Slippers, with a Note in
his Hand made up, repeating Verses.*

DORIMANT

N

*OW for some Ages had the Pride of Spain,
Made the Sun shine on half the World in vain
[Then looking on the Note.*

How to love For Mrs. Lovel.

What a dull insipid thing is a
Billet-doux written in cold Blood, after the
Business is over? It is a Tax upon Good nature which I
Have been here labouring to pay, and have done it but
With as much regret, as even Fustick and the Royal
Aid, or Church Duties, will have the same Fate, I
Know, that all my Notes to her have had of late, 'twill
Not be thought kind enough. Faith Women are i the

10 *The Men of Mode; or,*

Right when they justly examine our Letters, for in
Them we always first discover our Deceit of Passions.—
Hey!—Who waits!—

Enter Handy.

Handy. Sir,——

Dor. Call a Footman.

Handy. None of 'em are come yet.

Dor. Dogs! will they ever lie snoring a-Bed 'till
Noon.

Handy. 'Tis all one, Sir: if they're up, you indulge
'Em so, they're ever poaching after Whores all the
Morning.

Dor. Take notice henceforward who's wanting in his
Duty, the next Clap he gets, he shall rot for an Example.
What Vermin are those chattering without?

Handy. Foggy, Now the Orange Woman, and swearing
Tom the Shoemaker.

Dor. Go, call in that over-grown Jade with the
Flasket of Guts before her, Fruit is refreshing in a
Morning. [Exit Handy.]

*It is not that I love you less
Than when before your Feet I lay.*

Enter Orange Woman.

How now Double Tripe, what News do you bring?

Or. Wom. News! Here's the best Fruit has come to
Town t'year; Gad I was up before Four a Clock this
Morning, and bought all the Choice i'the Market.

Dor. The hasty Refuse of your Shop.

Or. Wom. You need not make Mouths at it, I assure
You 'tis all call'd Ware.

Dor. The Citizens buy better on a Holiday in their
Walk to *Tomb*.

Or. Wom. Good or bad, 'tis all one; I never knew your
Commend any thing; Lord, wou'd the Ladies had heard
You ask of 'em as I have done: Here, bid your Man
Give me an Angel. [See down the Stair.]

Dor. Give the Bawd her Fruit again.

Or. Wom. Well, on my Conscience, there never was
the like of you: God's my life, I had almost forgot to
Tell you, there is a young Gentlewoman lately come to
Town with her Mother, that is so taken with you.

Dor.

Sir Fopling Flutter.

111

Dr. Is she Handsome?

Or. Wom. Nay, Gad, there are few finer Women, I tell You but so, and a hugous Fortune, they say. Here, eat This Peach, it comes from the Stone, 'tis better than any Newington y have raised.

Dr. This fine Woman, I'll lay my Life,

[*Taking the Peach.*]

Is some awkward, ill-fashion'd, Country Toad, who, not Having above four Dozen of black Hairs on her Head, has Adorn'd her Baldness with a large white Friz, that she May look sparkishly in the Fore-front of the King's Box, At an old Play.

Or. Wom. Gad, you'd change your Note quickly, if You did but see her.

Dr. How came she to know me?

Or. Wom. She saw you yesterday at the *Change*; she Told me you came and fool'd with the Woman at the Next Shop.

Dr. I remember there was a Mask observ'd me indeed; Fool'd, did she say?

Or. Wom. Ay, I vow, she told me twenty things you Said too; and acted with her Head and with her Body so You.—

Enter Medley.

Med. Drunken, my Life, my Joy, my darling Sin; How dost thou?

Or. Wom. Lord, what a filthy trick these Men have Got of kissing one another! [She *shies*.]

Med. Why do you suffer this Cart-load of Scandal to Come near you, and make your Neighbours think you So improvident to need a Bawd?

Or. Wom. Good, now we shall have it, you did but Want him to help you; come, pay me for my Froik.

Med. Make us thankful for it. Husbands, Bawds use As much out of Fashion as Gentlemen-Utters; none But old Formal Ladies use the one, and none but Foppish Old Strangers employ the other; go, you are an Insignificant Brandy Bottle.

Dr. Nay, there you wrong her, three Quarts of Canary is her Business.

Or. Wom. What you please, Gentlemen.

Dr.

III. *The Man of Mode; or,*

Der. To him, give him as good as he brings.

Or. Wom. Hang him, there is not such another Heaton In the Town again, except it be the Shoemaker without.

Med. I shall see you hold up your Hand at the Bar Next Sessions for Murder, Hufwife; that Shoemaker can Take his Oath you are in Fee with the Doctors to sell Green Fruit to the Gentry, that the Crudities may Breed Diseases.

Or. Wom. Pray give me my Mony.

Der. Not a Penny; when you bring the Gentlewoman Hither you spoke of, you shall be paid.

Or. Wom. The Gentlewoman! the Gentlewoman may Be as honest as your Sister, for ought as I know. Pray Pay me, Mr. *Derisant*, and do not abuse me so, I have An honest way of living, you know it.

Med. Was there ever such a resty Bawd?

Der. Some Jade's Tricks she has, but she makes amends When she's in good Humour: Come, tell me the Lady's Name, and *Handy* shall pay you.

Or. Wom. I must not, she forbid me.

Der. That's a sure sign she would have you.

Med. Where does she live?

Or. Wom. They Lodge at my House.

Med. Nay, then she's in a hopeful way.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. *Medley*, say your Pleasure of me; But take heed how you affront my House, God's my life; In a hopeful way?

Der. Pr'ythee peace, what kind of Woman's the Mother?

Or. Wom. A goodly grave Gentlewoman, Lord how She talks against the wild young Men o' the Town; as For your part she thinks you an Arrant Devil; should She see you, on my Conscience she would look if you Had not a Cloven-foot.

Der. Does she know me?

Or. Wom. Only by hearsay; a thousand horrid Stories Have been told her of you, and she believes 'em all.

Med. By the Character, this should be the Famous Lady Woodvil, and her Daughter *Havisham*.

Or. Wom. The Devil's in him for guessing, I think.

Der. Do you know 'em?

Med. Both very well, the Mother's a great Admirer

Sir, Fopling, Flutter.

131

Of the Forms and Civility of the last Age.

Dor. An antiquated Beauty may be allow'd to be out of Humour at the Freedoms of the present. This is A good Account of the Mother; pray what is the Daughter?

Med. Why, first she's an Heiress vastly Rich.

Dor. And Handsom?

Med. What Alteration a Twelvemonth may have Bred in her I know not, but a Year ago she was the Beautifullest Creature I ever saw; a fine, easy, clean Shape, light brown Hair in abundance; her Features Regular, her Complexion clear and lively, large wanton Eyes; but above all, a Mouth that has made me Kiss it a Thousand times in Imagination, Teeth white and even, And pretty pouting Lips, with a little Moisture ever Hanging on them, that look like the Province Rose fresh On the Bush, ere the Morning Sun has quite drawn up The Dew.

Dor. Rapture, meer Rapture!

Or. Wom. Nay, Gad, he tells you true, she's a Delicate Creature.

Dor. Has she Wit?

Med. More than is usual in her Sex, and as much Malice. Then she's as wild as you would wish her, and Has a Demureness in her Looks that makes it so surprizing.

Dor. Flesh and Blood cannot hear this, and not long To know her.

Med. I wonder what makes her Mother bring her up To Town; an old doting Keeper cannot be more jealous Of his Mistress.

Or. Wom. She made me Laugh yesterday; there was A Judge came to visit 'em, and the old Man, she told me, Did so stare upon her, and when he saluted her Smack'd So heartily; who wou'd think it of 'em?

Med. God-a-mercy, Judge.

Dor. Do 'em sight, the Gentlemen of the long Robe Have not been wanting by their good Examples to Countenance the crying Sin o' the Nation.

Med. Come, on with your Trappings, 'tis later than You imagine.

Dor. Call in the Shoemaker, Handy.

14 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Or, Wom. Good Mr. *Dotimant* pay me; God, I had Rather give you my Fruit, than lay to be abus'd by that Foul-mouth'd Rogue; what you Gentlemen say it matters Not much, but such a dirty Fellow does one more Disgrace.

Dor. Give her ten Shillings, and be sure you tell the Young Gentlewoman I must be acquainted with her.

Or. Wom. Now do you long to be tempting this pretty Creature. Well, Heav'n's mend you.

Med. Farewell, Bogg. — [*Exit Or. Wom. and Handy.*]

Dotimant. when did you see your *Pu aller*, as you call Her, Mrs. *Love*?

Dor. Not these two Days.

Med. And how stand Affairs between you?

Dor. There has been great patching of late, much ado We make a shift to hang together.

Med. I wonder how her mighty Spirit bears it.

Dor. Ill enough on all Conscience, I never knew so Violent a Creature.

Med. She's the most passionate in her Love, and the Most extravagant in her Jealousy of any Woman I ever Heard of. What Note is that?

Dor. An Excuse I am going to send her for the Neglect I am guilty of.

Med. Pr'ythee read it.

Dor. No, but if you will take the Pains you may.

Medley Reads.

I never was a Lover of Business, but now I have a just Reason to hate it, since it has kept me those two Days from seeing you. I intend to wait upon you in the Afternoon, and in the Pleasure of your Conversation, forget all I have suffer'd during this tedious Absence.

This Business of yours, *Dotimant*, has been with a Vizard at the Play-house, I have had an Eye on you. If some malicious Body should betray you, this kind of Note wou'd hardly make your Peace with her.

Dor. I desire no better.

Med. Why, wou'd her Knowledge of it oblige you?

Dor. Most infinitely; next to the coming to a good Understanding with a new Mistress, I love a Quarrel with an old one; but the Devil's in't, there has been such a

Calm.

Sir Fopling Flutter.

175

Calm in my Affairs of late, I have not had the Pleasure
Of making a Woman so much as break her Fan, to be
Sullen, or forswear her self these three Days.

Med. A very great Misfortune! Let me see, I love
Mischief well enough, to forward this Business my self;
I'll about it presently; and tho' I know the Truth of
What you've done will set her a raving, I'll heighten it a
Little with Invention, leave her in a Fit o'the Morber,
And be here again before you're ready.

Dor. Pray stay, you may spare your self the Labour;
The Business is undertaken already by one who will
Manage it with as much Address, and I think with a
Little more Malice than you can.

Med. Who is the Devil's Name can this be?

Dor. Why the Vizard, that very Vizard you saw me
With.

Med. Does she love Mischief so well, as to betray her
Self to spite another?

Dor. Not so neither, *Medley*. I will make you
Comprehend the Mystery: This Mask, for a farther
Confirmation of what I have been these two Days
Swearing to her, made me Yesterday at the Play-house
Make her a Promise before her Face, utterly to break off
With *Lovers*; and because she tenders my Reputation, and
Would not have me do a barbarous Thing, has contriv'd a
Way to give me a handsom Occasion.

Med. Very good.

Dor. She intends, about an Hour before me, this
Afternoon to make *Lovers* a Visit, and (having the
Privilege, by reason of a profess'd Friendship between 'em)
To talk of her Concerns.

Med. Is she a Friend?

Dor. Oh, an intimate Friend!

Med. Better and better; pray proceed.

Dor. She means insensibly to insinuate a Discourse of
Me, and artificially raise her Jealousy to such a Height,
That, transported with the first Motions of her Passion,
She shall fly upon me with all the Fury imaginable, as
Soon as ever I enter: The Quarrel being thus happily
Begun, I am to play my Part, confess and justify all my
Roguary, swear her Impertinence and Ill-humour makes
He,

Her intolerable, tax her with the next Top that comes
Into my Head, and in a Huff march away, slight her,
And leave her to be taken by whosoever thinks it worth
His Time to lie down before her.

Med. This Vizard is a Spark, and has a Genius that
Makes her worthy of your Self, *Derwent.*

Enter Handy, Shoemaker, and Footman.

Dor. You Rogue there, who sneak like a Dog that has
Flung down a Dish, if you do not mend your Waiting I'll
Upcase you, and turn you loose to the Wheel of Fortune.
Handy, seal this, and let him run with it presently.

[Ex Handy and Footman.]

Med. Since you're resolv'd on a Quarrel, why do you
Send her this kind Note?

Dor. To keep her at Home in order to the Business.
How now, you drunken Sot?

[To the Shoemaker.]

Shoem. 'Zbud, you have no Reason to talk. I have not
Had a Bottle of Sack of yours in my Belly this Fortnight

Med. The Orange Woman says, your Neighbours
Take notice what a Heathen you are, and design to
Inform the Bishop, and have you burn'd for an Atheist.

Shoem. Damn her Dunghill, if her Husband does not
Remove her, she stinks so, the Parish intend to indict
Him for a Nuisance.

Med. I advise you like a Friend, reform your Life;
You have brought the Envy of the World upon you,
By living above your self. Whoring and Swearing are
Vices too gentile for a Shoemaker.

Shoem. 'Zbud, I think you Men of Quality will grow
As unreasonable as the Women: You would ingross the
Sins o' the Nation. Poor Folks can no sooner be wicked,
But they're rail'd at by their Betters.

Dor. Sirrah, I'll have you stand in the Pillory for this
Libel.

Shoem. Some of you deserve it, I'm sure; there are
So many of 'em, that our Journeymen, now-a-days,
Instead of harmless Ballads, sing nothing but your damn'd
Lampoons.

Dor. Our Lampoons, you Rogue?

Shoem. Nay, good Master, why should not you
Write your own Commentaries as well as *Casars*?

*Mr. The Nation's read, I perceive, I have read much
Shew. You know the old Proverb, Ale and History.*

Dr. Draw on my Shoes, Sirrah.

Shew. Here's a Shoe!

*Dr. Sits with more Wrinkles than there are in an
Angry Bully's Forehead.*

*Shew. 'Zbud, as smooth as your Mistress's Skin does
Upon her; so, strike your Foot in home. 'Zbud, if e'er
A Monsieur of 'em all make more fashionable Ware, I'll
Be content to have my Ears whipp'd off with my own
Paring-Knife.*

*Med. And serv'd up in a Ragoust, instead of
Coxcombs, to a Company of French Shoemakers, for a
Collation.*

*Shew. Hold; hold, damn 'em, Caterpillars, let 'em
Feed upon Cabbidge; come, Master, your Health this
Morning heat my Heart now.*

*Dr. Go, get you home, and govern your Family
Better; do not let your Wife follow you to the
Ale-house, beat your Whore, and lead you home in
Triumph.*

*Shew. 'Zbud, there's never a Man i'the Town lives
More like a Gentleman, with his Wife, than I do. I
Never mind her Motions, she never inquires into mine;
We speak to one another civilly, hate one another
Heartily, and because 'tis vulgar to lye and seek together,
We have each of us our several Settle-bed.*

Dr. Give him Half a Crown.

*Med. Not without he will promise to be bloody
Drunk.*

*Shew. Tope's the Word i'the the Eye of the World
For my Master's Honour, Robb!*

Dr. Do not debauch my Servants, Sirrah.

*Shew. I only tip him the Wink; he knows an
Ale-house from a Hovel. [Exit Shoemaker.]*

Dr. My Clothes, quickly.

Med. Where shall we dine To-day?

Dr. Where you will; here comes a good third Man.

Enter Bellair.

Bell. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Med. Good, Sir, how will you answer this Visit to

Your

The Man of Mode; or,

Your honourable Mistress? 'Tis not her Interest, you should keep Company with Men of Sense, who will be Talking Reason.

Bell. I do not fear her Pardon, do you but grant me Yours for my Neglect of her.

Mad. Tho' you've made us miserable by the Want of Your good Company, to show you I am free from all Resentment, may the beautiful Cause of our Misfortune Give you all the joys happy Lovers have shar'd ever Since the World began.

Bell. You wish me in Heav'n, but you believe me on My Journey to Hell.

Mad. You have a good strong Faith, and that may Contribute much towards your Salvation. I confess I Am but of an unworldly Constitution, apt to have Doubts And Scruples, and in Love they are no less distressing Than in Religion; were I so near Marriage, I should Cry out by Fits as I ride in my Coach, Cuckold, Cuckold, with no less Fury than the mad Fanatick does Glory in *Buttins*.

Bell. Because Religion makes some run mad, must I Live an Atheist?

Mad. Is it not great Indiscretion for a Man of Credit, Who may have Money enough on his Word, to go and Deal with *Yous*, who for little Sums make Men enter Into Bonds, and give Judgments?

Bell. Preach no more on this Text, I am determin'd, And there is no Hope of my Conversion.

Der. Leave your unnecessary Fiddling; a Wasp that's Buzzing about a Man's Nose at Dinner, is not more Troublesome than thou art.

[To Handy, who is fiddling about him]

Handy. You love to have your Clothes hang just, Sir.

Der. I love to be well dress'd; Sir, and think it no Scandal to my Understanding.

Handy. Will you use the Essence, or Orange-flower Water?

Der. I will smell as I do To-day, no Offence to the Ladies Noses.

Handy. Your Pleasure, Sir.

Der. That a Man's Excellency should lie in vanity.

Tying

Sir Fopling Flutter.

19

Tying of a Ribband, or a Cravat! How careful's Nature
In furnishing the World with necessary Coxcombs!

Bell. That's a mighty pretty Sort of yours, *Dorment*.

Dor. I am glad to see your Approbation.

Bell. No man in Town has a better Fancy in his
Clothes than you have.

Dor. You will make me have an Opinion of my Genius.

Med. There is great Critick, I hear, in these
Matters lately arriv'd piping hot from Paris.

Bell. Sir Fopling Flutter, you mean.

Med. The same.

Bell. He thinks himself the Pattern of Modern
Galantry.

Dor. He is indeed the Pattern of Modern Foppery.

Med. He was yesterday at the Play, with a Pair of
Gloves up to his Elbows, and a Periwig more exactly
Curl'd than a Lady's Head newly dress'd for a Ball.

Bell. What a pretty Lips he has!

Dor. Ho! that he affects in Imitation of the People of
Quality in France.

Med. His Head stands for the most part on one side,
And his Looks are more languishing than a Lady's when
she sits at stretch in her Coach, or leans her Head
Carelessly against the side of a Box at the Play-house.

Dor. He is a Person indeed of great acquir'd Follies.

Med. He is like many others, beholding to his
Education for making him so eminent a Coxcomb; many
a Fool has been lost to the World, had their indulgent
Parents wisely bestow'd neither Learning nor good
breeding on 'em.

Bell. He has been, as the sparkling Word is, brisk upon
the Ladies already; he was yesterday at my Aunt
Knolly's, and gave Mrs. *Lovel* a Catalogue of his good
Qualities, under the Character of a Compleat Gentleman,
Who according to Sir Fopling ought to Dress well, Dance
well, Fence well, have a Genius for Love-Letters, an
agreeable Voice for a Chamber, be very Amorous,
something Discreet, but not over Constant.

Med. Pretty Ingredients to make an accomplish'd
Person.

Dor. I am glad he pick'd upon *Lovel*.

Bell.

Bell. How so?

Dor. I wanted a Pop to lay to her Charge, and this is As pat as may be.

Bell. I am confident she loves no Man but you.

Dor. The good Fortune were enough to make me vain, But that I am in my Nature modest.

Bell. Mark you, *Dorimant*; with your leave, *Mr. Medley*, 'Tis only a Secret concerning a Fair Lady.

Med. Your good Breeding, Sir, gives you too much Trouble; you might have whisper'd without all this Ceremony.

Bell. How stand your Affairs with *Bellinda* of late?

[To *Dorimant*.]

Dor. She's a little Jilting Baggage.

Bell. Nay, I believe her false enough, but she's ne'er The worse for your purpose; she was with you yesterday In a Disguise at the Play.

Dor. There we fell out, and resolv'd never to speak to One another more.

Bell. The Occasion?

Dor. Want of Courage to meet me at the Place Appointed. These young Women apprehend Loving, as Much as the young Men do Fighting at first; but once Enter'd, like them too, they all turn Bullies straight.

Enter Handy as Bellair.

Handy. Sir, your Man without desires to speak with You.

Bell. Gentlemen, I'll return immediately. [*Ex. Bellair*]

Med. A very pretty Fellow this.

Dor. He's Handsom, well Bred, and by much the Most tolerable of all the young Men that do not abound In Wit.

Med. Ever well Dress'd, always Complaisant, and Seldom Impertinent; you and he are grown very intimate I see.

Dor. It is our mutual Interest to be so; it makes the Women think the better of his Understanding, and judge More favourably of my Reputation; it makes him pass Upon some for a Man of very good Sense, and me upon Others for a very civil Person.

Med. What was that Whisper?

Dor.

Sir Ropling Fluster

21

Dr. A thing which he wou'd fain have known, but I did not think it fit to tell him, it might have frighten'd him from his honourable Intentions of Marrying.

Med. Emilia, give her her due, has the best Reputation of any young Women about the Town, who has Beauty enough to provoke Detraction; her Carriage unaffected, her Discourse modest, not at all censorious, or pretending, like the Counterfeits of the Age.

Dr. She's a discreet Maid, and I believe nothing can corrupt her but a Husband.

Med. A Husband?

Dr. Yes, a Husband; I have known many Women take a difficulty of losing a Maiden-head, who have afterwards made none of a Cuckold.

Med. This prudent Consideration, I am apt to think, has made you confirm poor *Bellair* in the desperate Resolution he has taken.

Dr. Indeed the little hope I found there was of her, in the State she was in, has made him, by my Advice, contribute something towards the changing of her Condition.

Enter Bellair.

Dr. Dear *Bellair*, by Heav'n's I thought we had lost thee; Men in Love are never to be reckon'd on when we wou'd form a Company.

Bell. *Dormant*, I am undone, my Man has brought the most surprising News i'the World.

Dr. Some strange Misfortune is befall your Love.

Bell. My Father came to Town last Night, and lodges i'the very House where *Emilia* lies.

Med. Does he know it is with her you are in Love?

Bell. He knows I love, but knows not whom, without some officious Scot has betray'd me.

Dr. Your Aunt *Townley* is your Confident, and favours the Business.

Bell. I do not apprehend any ill Office from her, I have receiv'd a Letter, in which I am commanded by my Father to meet him at my Aunt's this Afternoon; he tells me farther, he has made a Match for me, and bids me resolve to be obedient to his Will, or expect to be disinherited.

Med.

Mad. Now's your Time, *Bellair*, never had Lover
Such an Opportunity of giving a generous Proof of his
Passion.

Bell. As how, I pray?

Mad. Why, hang an Estate, marry *Emilia* out of
Hate and provoke your Father to do what he threatens;
"Tis but despising a Coach, humbling your self to a Pair
Of Golotheses, being out of Countenance when you
Meet your Friends, pointed at and pitied where ever you
Go by all the Amorous Sops that know you, and your
Fame will be Immortal.

Bell. I could find in my Heart to resolve not to marry
At all.

Der. Fy, fy, that would spoil a good Jest, and
Disappoint the well-natur'd Town of an occasion of
Laughing at you.

Bell. The Storm I have so long expected hangs o'er
My Head, and begins to pour down upon me; I am on
The Rack, and can have no Rest 'till I'm satisfied in
What I fear; where do you Dine?

Der. At *Long's*, or *Locker's*.

Mad. At *Long's* let it be.

Bell. I'll run and see *Emilia*, and inform my self how
Matters stand; if my Misfortunes are not so great as to
Make me unfit for Company, I'll be with you. [Ex. *Bellair*

Enter a Footman with a Letter.

Footm. Here's a Letter, Sir.

[To *Dorimant*

Der. The Superscription's right: For Mr. *Dorimant*.

Mad. Let's see, the very Scrawl and Spelling of a
True bred Whore.

Der. I know the Hand, the Style is admirable, I assure
You.

Mad. Prithce read it.

Dorimant Reads.

*I told a you you did not love me, if you did, you won't have
seen me again ere now; I have no Money, and am very
Miserably; pray send me a Guinea to see the Operas.*

Your Servant to Command,

Mad.

Sir Posing Father. 23

Med. Pray let the Whore have a favourable Answer,
That she may Spark it in a Box, and do Honour to her
Profession.

Dw. She shall, and perk up the Face of Quality,
at the Coach at Door?

Handy. You did not bid me look for it.

Dw. Eternal Blockhead! [Handy goes to go out]

Ex. Sec. ———

Handy. Did you call me, Sir?

Dw. I hope you have no just Exception to the Name;

Handy. I have Sense, Sir.

Dw. Not so much as a Fly in Winter; — How did

You come, Madley?

Med. In a Chair.

Room. You may have a Hackney-Coach, if you

please, Sir.

Dw. I may ride the Elephant, if I please, Sir; call

another Chair, and let my Coach follow to Long's.

Be calm, ye great Parents, &c. [Ex. singing]

ACT II. SCENE I

Enter my Lady Townley and Emilia.

Em. I was afraid, Emilia, all had been discover'd.

Emil. I tremble with the Apprehension still.

Town. That my Brother should take Lodgings at the

very House where you lie?

Emil. 'Twas lucky, we had timely notice to warn the

people to be secret. He seems to be a mighty good

amour'd old Man.

Town. He ever had a notable smerking way with him.

Emil. He calls me Rogue, tells me he can't abide me,

and does so to me.

Town. On my Word you are much in his Favour than

Emil. He has been very inquisitive, I am told, about

my Family, my Reputation, and my Fortune.

Town. I am confident he does not the least suspect

us, or the Woman his Son's in Love with.

Emil.

24 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Emil. What should make him then inform himself
Particularly of me? *Love* and a *very*

Town. He was always of a very loving Temper himself.
It may be he has a doting-Fit upon him, who knows.

Emil. It cannot be.

Enter young Bellair.

Town. Here comes my Nephew. Where did you
Leave your Father?

Y. Bell. Writing a Note within. *Emilia*, this early
Visit looks as if some kind Jealousy would not let you
Rest at home.

Emil. The Knowledge I have of my Rival, gives me
A little Cause to fear your Constancy.

Y. Bell. My Constancy! I vow—

Emil. Do not vow—Our Love is frail as is our
Life, and full as little in our Power; and are you sure
You shall out-live this Day?

Y. Bell. I am not, but when we are in perfect Health
'Twere an idle thing to fright our selves with the Thought
Of sudden Death.

Town. Pray what has pass'd between you and your
Father in the Garden?

Y. B. He's firm in his Resolution, tells me I must
Marry Mrs. *Harriet*, or swears he'll marry himself, and
Disinherit me; when I saw I could not prevail with him
Be more indulgent, I dissembled an Obedience to his Will
Which has compos'd his Passion, and will give us Time
And I hope Opportunity to deceive him.

Enter Old Bellair, with a Note in his Hand.

Town. Peace, here he comes.

O. Bell. Harry, take this, and let your Man carry it
For me to Mr. *Fowler's* Chamber, my Lawyer, in the
Temple. Neighbour, a-dod I am glad to see thee here.

Emilia How very good you are to me! I have
Made much of her, Sister, she's one of the best of your
Acquaintance; I like her Countenance and her Behaviour
Well; she has a Modesty that is not common in this Age.
A-dod, she has.

Town. I know her Value, Brother, and esteem her
Accordingly.

O. Bell. Advise her to wear a little more Mirth in
Face, a-dod she's too serious.

Sir Fopling Flutter.

25

Town. The Fault is very excusable in a young Woman.

O. Bell. Nay, a-dod, I like her no'er the worse, a Melancholy Beauty has her Charms; I love a pretty Sadness in a Face which varies now and then, like Changeable Colours, into a Smile.

Town. Methinks you speak very feelingly, Brother.

O. Bell. I am but Five and Fifty, Sister, you know, An Age not altogether insensible! Cheer up, Sweet Heart.

[*To Emilia.* I have a Secret to tell thee may chance to make thee Merry; we three will make Collation together anon, i'the Mean time mum, I can't abide you; go, I can't abide You.—*Harry*, come, you Must along with me to my Lady Woodvill's. I am going To slip the Boy at a Mistress.

Y. Bell. At a Wife, Sir, you wou'd say.

O. Bell. You need not look so grum, Sir, a Wife is no Curse when she brings the Blessing of a good Estate with Her, but an idle Town Flurt, with a painted Face, a Rotten Reputation, and a crazy Fortune, a-dod, is the Devil and all; and such a one I hear you are in League With.

Y. Bell. I cannot help Detraction, Sir.

O. Bell. Out, a pife o' their Brecches, there are keeping Fods enough for such flaunting Baggages, and they are E'en too good for 'em. Remember Night. [*To Emilia.* Go, y're a Rogue; y're a Rogue; fare you well, fare You well; come, come, come along, Sir.

[*Ex. Old and Young Bellair.*

Town. On my Word the Old Man comes on apace; I'll lay my Life he's smitten.

Emil. This is nothing but the Pleasantness of his Humour.

Town. I know him better than you, let it work, it may prove lucky.

[*Enter a Page.*

Page. Madam, Mr. Medley has sent to know whether A Visit will not be troublesome this Afternoon?

Town. Send him Word his Visits never are so. [*Ex. Page.*

Emil. He's a very pleasant Man.

Town. He's a very necessary Man among us Women; he's not scandalous i'the least, perpetually contriving to

B

Being

Bring good Company together, and always ready to stop Up a Gap at *Ombre*: then he knows all the little News o' the Town.

Emil. I love to hear him talk o' the Intrigues; let 'em Be never so dull in themselves, he'll make 'em pleasant i' the Relation.

Town. But he improves things so much one can take no Measure of the Truth from him. Mr. *Dorimant* swears A Flea, or a Maggot is not made more monstrous by a Magnifying Glass, than a Story is by his telling it.

Emil. Hold, here he comes.

Enter Medley.

Town. Mr. *Medley*.

Med. Your Servant, Madam.

Town. You have made your self a Stranger of late.

Emil. I believe you took a Surfeit of *Ombre* last time You were here.

Med. Indeed I had my Belly full of that *Thermagant* Lady Dealer; there never was so unsatiable a Carder, an Old Gleecker never lov'd to sit to't like her, I have plaid With her now at least a Dozen times, 'till she's worn Out all her fine Complexion, and her Tour wou'd keep In Curl no longer.

Town. Blame her not, poor Woman, she loves nothing So well as a black Ace.

Med. The Pleasure I have seen her in, when she has had Hope in drawing for a *Mustard*.

Emil. 'Tis as pretty Sport to her, as persuading Masks Off is to you to make Discoveries.

Town. Pray, where's your Friend, Mr. *Dorimant*?

Med. Solliciting his Affairs; he's a Man of great Employment, has more Mistresses now depending, than The most Eminent Lawyer in England has Clients.

Emil. Here has been Mrs. *Down*, so uneasy and out Of Humour these two Days.

Town. How strangely Love and Jealousy rage in that Poor Woman!

Med. She cou'd not have pick'd out a Devil upon Earth so proper to torment her, he has made her break a Dozen or two of Fans already, tear half a Score Points in Pieces, and destroy Hoods and Knots without number.

Town

Sir Fopling Flutter.

27

Town. We heard of a pleasant Serenade he gave her
To other Night.

Med. A *Danish* Serenade, with Kettle-Drums and
Trumpets.

Emil. Oh Barbarous!

Med. What, you are of the number of the Ladies,
Whose Ears are grown so delicate since our Opera's,
You can be charm'd with nothing but Flute Doux, and
French Hoboys.

Emil. Leave your Rallery, and tell us, is there any
New Wit come forth, Songs or Novels?

Med. A very pretty Piece of Galantry, by an Eminent
Author, call'd, *The Diversion of Bruxells*, very necessary
To be read by all old Ladies, who are desirous to
Improve themselves at Questions and Commands,
Blindman's-Buff, and the like fashionable Recreations.

Emil. Oh ridiculous!

Med. Then there is the Art of Aff-ctation, written
By a late Beauty of Quality, teaching you how to draw
Up your Breasts, stretch up your Neck, to thrust out
Your Breech, to play with your Head, to toss up your
Nose, to bite your Lips, to turn up your Eyes, to speak
In a silly soft Tone of a Voice, and use all the foolish
French Words that will infallibly make your Person and
Conversation Charming, with a short Apology at the
Latter end, in the Behalf of young Ladies who notoriously
Wash and Paint, though they have naturally good
Complexions.

Emil. What a deal of Stuff you tell us!

Med. Such as the Town affords, Madam. The
Russians bearing the great Respect we have for Foreign
Dancing, have lately sent over some of their best *Balladins*,
Who are now practising a Famous Ballad, which will be
suddenly danced at the Bear-Garden.

Town. Pray forbear your idle Stories, and give us an
account of the State of Love, as it now stands.

Med. Truly there have been some Revolutions in these
affairs, great chopping and changing among the old, and
some new Lovers, whom Malice, Indiscretion and
disfortune, have luckily brought into play.

Town. What think you of walking into the next

B 2

Room

Room, and sitting down before you engage in this Business?

Mrs. I'll wait upon you, and I hope (though Women Are commonly unreasonable) by the plenty of Scandal I shall discover, to give you very good Content, Ladies! [Exeunt]

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Loveit and Pert.

[*Mrs. Loveit putting up a Letter, then pulling out her Pocket-Glass, and looking in it.*]

Low. Pert.

Pert. Madam.

Low. I hate my self, I look so ill to Day.

Pert. Hate the wicked Cause on't, that base Man, Mr. Dorimant, who makes you torment and vex your Self continually.

Low. He is to blame, indeed.

Pert. To blame to be two Days without sending, Writing or coming near you, contrary to his Oath and Covenant, 'twas to much purpose to make him swear; I'll lay my Life there's not an Article but he has broken, Talk'd to the Vizards i the Pit, waited upon the Ladies From the Boxes to their Coaches, gone behind the Scenes, and sawn'd upon those little insignificant Creature The Players; 'tis impossible for a Man of his inconstant Temper to forbear, I'm sure.

Low. I know he is a Devil, but he has something of The Angel yet undefac'd in him, which makes him so Charming and agreeable, that I must love him be he Never so wicked.

Pert. I little thought, Madam, to see your Spirit Tamed to this degree, who banish'd poor Mr. Lackwit But for taking up another Lady's Fan in your Presence.

Low. My knowing of such odious Fools, contributes To the making of me love Dorimant the better.

Pert. Your knowing of Mr. Dorimant, in my Mind Should rather make you hate all Mankind.

Low. So it does, besides himself.

Pert. Pray, what Excuse does he make in his Letter?

Lev. He has had Business.

Pert. Business in general Terms would not have been a current Excuse for another; a modish Man is always very busy when he is in pursuit of a new Mistress.

Lev. Some Fop has brib'd you to rail at him; he had Business, I will believe it, and will forgive him.

Pert. You may forgive him any thing, but I shall never forgive him his turning me into ridicule, as I hear he does.

Lev. I perceive you are of the number of those Fools His Wit has made his Enemies.

Pert. I am of the number of those he's pleas'd to rally; Madam; and if we may believe Mr. *Waggon* and Mr. *Caperwell*, he sometimes makes merry with your self, too, among his laughing Companions.

Lev. Blockheads are as malicious to witty Men, as Sly Women are to the handsom; 'tis their Interest, and they make it their Business to Defame 'em.

Pert. I wish Mr. *Dorimant* wou'd not make it his Business to Defame you.

Lev. Should he, I had rather be made infamous by him, than owe my Reputation to the dull Discretion of those Fops you talk of. *Bellinda?* [Running to her.]

Enter Bellinda.

Bell. My Dear.

Lev. You have been unkind of late,

Bell. Do not say unkind, say unhappy!

Lev. I could chide you, where have you been these two Days?

Bell. Pity me rather, my Dear, where I have been so fill'd with two or three Country Gentlewomen, whose conversation has been more unsufferable than a Country Middleton.

Lev. Are they Relations?

Bell. No, Welsh Acquaintance I made when I was last Year at St. *Winefred's*; they have ask'd me a thousand Questions of the Modes and Intrigues of the Town, and have told 'em almost as many things for News, that hardly were so when their Gowns were in Fashion.

Lev. Provoking Creatures, how could you endure 'em?

Bell. Now to carry on my Plot, nothing but Love
 Could make me capable of so much Falshood; [*Aside.*
 'Tis time to begin, lest *Dorimant* should come before her
Jealousy has stung her; [*Laughs, and then speaks on.*
 I was yesterday at a Play with 'em, where I was fain to
 Shew 'em the living; as the Man at *Westminster* does the
 Dead; that is Mrs. such a one admired for her Beauty;
 This is Mrs. such a one cry'd up for a Wit; that is sparkish
 Mr. such a one, who keeps reverend Mrs. such a one; and
 There sits fine Mrs. such a one, who was lately cast off by
 My Lord such a one.

Lov. Did you see *Dorimant* there?

Bell. I did, and imagine you were there with him,
 And have no mind to own it.

Lov. What should make you think so?

Bell. A Lady mask'd in a pretty *Dishabillie*, whom
Dorimant entertained with more Respect than the
Galante do a common Vizard.

Lov. *Dorimant* at the Play entertaining a Mask,
 Oh Hear'st!

Bell. Good!

Lov. Did he stay all the while?

Bell. 'Till the Play was done, and then led her out,
 Which confirms me it was you!

Lov. Traitor!

Pert. Now you may believe he had Business, and you
 May forgive him too.

Lov. Ingrateful perjur'd Man!

Bell. You seem so much concern'd, my Dear, I fear
 I have told you unawares what I had better have conceal'd
 For your Quiet.

Lov. What manner of Shape had she?

Bell. Tall and slender, her Motions very gentle;
 Certainly she must be some Person of Condition.

Lov. Shame and Confusion be ever in her face when
 She shows it.

Bell. I should blame your Discretion for loving that
 Wild Man, my Dear; but they say he has a way so
 Bewitching, that few can defend their Hearts who know
 Him.

Lov. I will tear him from mine, or die in the Attempt.

Bell.

Bell. Be more moderate.

Lov. Wou'd I had Daggers, Darts, or poison'd Arrows
In my Breast, so I cou'd but remove the Thoughts of him
From thence.

Bell. Pp, fy, your Transports are too violent, my Dear.
This may be but an Accidental Galantry, and 'tis likely
Ended at her Coach.

Pert. Shou'd it proceed farther, let your Comfort be
The Conduct Mr. Dorimant affects, will quickly make
You know your Rival, ten to one let you see her ruin'd;
Her Reputation expos'd to the Town, a Happiness none
Will envy her, but your self, Madam.

Lov. Who e'er she be, all the harm I wish her, is,
May she love him as well as I do, and may he give her
As much Cause to hate him.

Pert. Never doubt the latter end of your Curse,
Madam!

Lov. May all the Passions that are rais'd by neglected
Love, Jealousy, Indignation, Spite, and Thirst of
Revenge, eternally rage in her Soul, as they do now in
Mine.

[Walks up and down with a distracted Air.

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. Dorimant.

Lov. I will not see him.

Page. I told him you were within, Madam.

Lov. Say you ly'd, say I'm busy, shut the Door;
Say any thing.

Page. He's here, Madam.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. They taste of Death, who do at Heav'n arrive,
But we this Paradise approach alive.

What, dancing the Galloping Nag without a Fiddle?

[To Loveit.

[Offers to catch her by the Hand, she flings
away, and walks on.

I fear this restlessness of the Body, Madam, [pursuing her.
Proceeds from an Unquietness of the Mind. What
Unlucky Accident puts you out of Humour; a Point
ill wash'd, Knots spoil'd the making up, Hair shaded awry,
Or some other little Mistake in setting you in Order?

Pert. A Trifle in my Opinion, Sir, more inconsiderable
Than any you mention.

B. 4

Dor.

Dor. Oh Mrs. *Pert*, I never knew you sullen enough To be silent; come, let me know the Business.

Pert. The Business, Sir, is the Business that has taken You up these two Days; how have I seen you laugh at Men of Business, and now to become a Man of Business Your self!

Dor. We are not Masters of our own Affections, our Inclinations daily alter; now we love Pleasure, and anon We shall dote on Business; Human Frailty will have it so. And who can help it.

Lov. Faithless, Inhuman, Barbarous Man,——

Dor. Good, now the Alarm strikes.——

Lov. Without Sense of Love, of Honour, or of Gratitude, tell me, for I will know, what Devil mask'd She was you were with at the Play yesterday?

Dor. Faith I resolv'd as much as you, but the Devil Was obstinate, and wou'd not tell me

Lov. False in this as in your Vows to me! you do know.

Dor. The Truth is, I did all I cou'd to know.

Lov. And dare you own it to my Face? Hell and Furies! [Tears her Fan in pieces.]

Dor. Spare your Fan, Madam, you are growing hot, And will want it to cool you.

Lov. Horror and Distraction seize you, Sorrow and Remorse gnaw your Soul, and punish all your Perjuries. To me.—— [Weeps.]

Dor. So Thunder breaks the Cloud in Twain,
And makes a Passage for the Rain. [Turning to Belinda.]
Belinda, you are the Devil that have rais'd this Storm;
You were at the Play yesterday. [To Belinda.]
And have been making Discoveries to your Dear.

Bel. Y'are the most mistaken Man i'the World.

Dor. It must be so, and here I vow Revenge; resolve To pursue and persecute you more impertinently than Ever any loving Fop did his Mistress, Hunt you i'the Park Trace you i'the Mall, Dog you in every Visit You make, Haunt you at the Plays, and i'the Drawing-Room, hang my Nose in your Neck, and talk To you whether you will or no, and ever look upon you With such dying Eyes, 'till your Friends grow jealous of Me, send you out of Town, and make the World suspect Your

Sir Fopling Flutter. ACT 39

Your Reputation. At my Lady *[In a lower Voice.]*
Tranley's when we go from hence.

[He looks kindly on Bellinda.]

Bel. I'll meet you there.

Dor. Enough.

Lov. Stand off, you sha'not stare upon her so.

[Pushing Dorimant away.]

Dor. Good! There's one made jealous already.

Lov. Is this the Constancy you vow'd?

Dor. Constancy at my Years! 'tis not a Virtue in
 Season, you might as well expect the Fruit the Autumn
 Ripens i'the Spring.

Lov. Monstrous Principle!

Dor. Youth has a long Journey to go, Madam, should
 I have set up my Rest at the first Inn I lodg'd at, I
 Shou'd never have arriv'd at the Happiness I now enjoy.

Lov. Dissembler, damn'd Dissembler!

Dor. I am so, I confess; Good-nature and good
 Manners corrupt me. I am honest in my Inclinations.

And would not, were't not to avoid Offence, make a
 Lady a little in Years believe I think her young, wilfully
 Mistake Art for Nature, and seem as fond of a thing I am
 Weary of, as when I doted on't in earnest.

Lov. False Man.

Dor. True Woman.

Lov. Now you begin to show your self?

Dor. Love Gilds us over, and makes us show fine
 Things to one another for a time, but soon the Gold
 Wears off, and then again the Native Brass appears.

Lov. Think on your Oaths, your Vows and
 Protestations, perjur'd Man.

Dor. I made 'em when I was in Love.

Lov. And therefore ought they not to bind? Oh
 Impious!

Dor. What we swear at such a time may be a certain
 Proof of a present Passion; but to say Truth, in Love
 There is no Security to be given for the future.

Lov. Horrid and ingrateful, be gone, and never see me
 more.

Dor. I am not one of those troublesome Coxcombs
 Who, because they were once well receiv'd, take the

348 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Privilege to plague a Woman with their Love: even after I shall obey you, Madam, though I do my self some Violence.

Love. Come back, you shal not go. *Could you have The Ill-nature to offer it?*

Don. When Love grows discord, the best thing we Can do is to put it to a violent Death; I cannot endure The Torture of a lingering and Consumptive Passion.

Love. Can you think mine sickly?

Don. Oh, th' desperately Ill! What worse Symptoms Are there than your being always unruly when I visit. You, your picking Quarrels with me on slight Occasions, and in my Absence kindly listening to the Importunities of every fashionable Fool that talks to you?

Love. What fashionable Fool can you lay to my Charge?

Don. Why, the very Cock-fool of all those Fools,

Sir Fopling Flout.

Love. I never saw him in my Life but once.

Don. The worse Woman you, at first sight to put on All your Charms, to entertain him with that Softness in Your Voice, and all that wanton Kindness in your Eyes, You so notoriously affect when you design a Conquest.

Love. So damn'd a Lye did never Malice yet invent. Who told you this?

Don. No matter; that ever I should love a Woman That can dote on a senseless Caper, a Tawdry French Ribband, and a Formal Grace.

Love. You make me blush.

Don. A guilty Conscience may do much; go on, be The Game-Mistress of the Town, and enter all our young Fops, as fast as they come from Travel.

Love. Base and Scurrilous!

Don. A fine mortifying Reputation 'twill be for a Woman of your Pride, Wit and Quality.

Love. This jealousy is a meer Pretence, a wretched Trick Of your own devising; I know you

Don. Believe it, and all the Ill of me you can. I Would not have a Woman have the least good Thought Of me that can think well of Fops; farewell; fall to, And much good may do you with your Coxcomb.

Love.

Lov. Stay, oh stay, and I will tell you all.

Dor. I have been told too much already. [Ex. Dorimant.]

Lov. Call him again.

Pert. E'en let him go, a fair riddance.

Lov. Run I say, call him again, I will have him call'd.

Pert. The Devil shou'd carry him away first, were it

My Concern,

[Ex. Pert.]

Bell. H's frighted me from the very Thoughts of
Loving Men; for Heav'n's sake, my Dear, do not
Discover what I told you; I dread his Tongue as much
As you ought to have done his Friendship.

Enter Pert.

Pert. He's gone, Madam.

Lov. Lightning blast him

Pert. When I told him you desired him to come back,
He smil'd, made a Mouth at me, flung into his Coach,
And said——

Lov. What did he say?

Pert. Drive away; and then repeated Verses.

Lov. Wou'd I had made a Contract to be a Witch,
When first I entertain'd this great Devil, Monster,
Barbarian, I could tear my self in pieces. Revenge,
Nothing but Revenge can ease me: Plague, War, Famine;
Fire, all that can bring Universal Ruin and Misery on
Mankind; with Joy I'd perish to have you in my Power
But this Moment.

[Ex. Lovett.]

Pert. Follow, Madam, leave her not in this outrageous
Passion.

[Pert gathers up the things.]

Bell. H's given me the Proof which I desired of his Love,
But 'tis a Proof of his In-nature too;
I wish I had not seen him use her so.
I sigh to think that Dorimant may be
One Day as faithless and unkind to me.

[Ex. Bell.]

ACT

36 *The Man of Mode; or,*
A C T III. S C E N E I.

SCENE, Lady Woodvill's Lodgings.

Enter Harriet and Busy her Woman.

Busy. D E A R Madam! let me set that Curl in Order.
Har. Let me alone. I will shake 'em all out
Of Order.

Busy. Will you never leave this Wildness?

Har. Torment me not.

Busy. Look! there's a Knot falling off.

Har. Let it drop.

Busy. But one Pin, dear Madam.

Har. How do I daily suffer under thy officious
Fingers!

Busy. Ah, the Difference that is between you and my
Lady Dapper! How uneasy she is if the least Thing be
Amis about her!

Har. She is indeed most exact! Nothing is ever wanting
To make her Ugliness remarkable!

Busy. Jeering People say so.

Har. Her Powdering, Painting, and her Patching
Never fail in Publick to draw the Tongues and Eyes of
All the Men upon her.

Busy. She is indeed a little too pretending.

Har. That Women should set up for Beauty as much
In spite of Nature, as some Men have done for Wit.

Busy. I hope, without Offence, one may endeavour to
Make ones self agreeable.

Har. Not when 'tis impossible. Women then ought
To be no more fond of dressing than Fools should be of
Talking: Hoods and Modesty, Masks and Silence, Things
That shadow and conceal; they should think of nothing
E'fr.

Busy. Jesu! Madam, what will your Mother think is
Become of you? For Heav'n's sake go in again.

Har. I won't.

Busy. This is the extravagant'st thing that ever you
Did in your Life, to leave her and a Gentleman who is
To be your Husband,

Har.

Har. My Husband! Hast thou so little Wit to think I Spoke what I meant, when I over-joy'd her in the Country, with a low Courtly, and *what you please*, Madam, I shall ever be obedient!

Busy. Nay, I know not, you have so many Fetches.

Har. And this was one, to get her up to London; Nothing else, I assure thee.

Busy. Well, the Man, in my Mind, is a fine Man.

Har. The Man indeed wears his Clothes fashionably, And has a pretty negligent Way with him, very courtly, And much affected; he bows, and talks, and smiles so Agreeably as he thinks.

Busy. I never saw any thing so gentile!

Har. Varnish'd over with good Breeding, many a Blockhead makes a tolerable Show.

Busy. I wonder you do not like him.

Har. I think I might be brought to endure him, and That is all a reasonable Woman should expect in a Husband; but there is Duty i'the Case—and like the Haughty Merab,

*I find much Aversion in my stubborn Mind,
Which is bred by being promis'd and design'd.*

Busy. I wish you do not design your own Ruin! I Partly guess your Inclinations, Madam—that

Mr. Dormant——

Har. Leave your prating, and sing some foolish Song Or other.

Busy. I will; the Song you love so well ever since you saw Mr. Dormant.

S O N G.

WHEN first Amyntas charm'd my Heart,

My headless Sheep began to stray;

The Wolves soon stole the greatest Part,

And all will now be made a Prey.

Oh, let not Love your Thoughts possess,

'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess;

The dangerous Passion you must shun,

Or else, like me, be quite undone.

Har.

28 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Har. Shall I be paid down by a covetous Parent for a Purchase? I need no Land; no, I'll lay my self out all in Love. It is decreed —

Enter Young Bellain.

Y. Bell. What generous Resolution are you making, Madam?

Har. Only to be disobedient, Sir.

Y. Bell. Let me join Hands with you in that. —

Har. With all my Heart, I never thought I should have Given you mine so willingly. Here I *Harriet* —

Y. Bell. And I *Harry* —

Har. Do solemnly protest —

Y. Bell. And vow —

Har. That I with you —

Y. Bell. And I with you —

Both. Will never marry. —

Har. A Match!

Y. Bell. And no Match! How do you like this Indifference now?

Har. You expect I should take it ill, I see.

Y. Bell. 'Tis not unnatural for you Women to be a Little angry you miss a Conquest, though you would Slight the poor Man were he in your Power.

Har. There are some, it may be, have an Eye like *Bart'lomew*, big enough for the whole Fair; but I am not Of the Number, and you may keep your Ginger-bread. 'Twill be more acceptable to the Lady, whose dear Image it wears, Sir.

Y. Bell. I must confess, Madam, you came a Day After the Fair.

Har. You own then you are in Love. —

Y. Bell. I do.

Har. The Confidence is generous, and in return I Could almost find in my Heart to let you know my Inclinations.

Y. Bell. Are you in Love?

Har. Yes, with this dear Town, to that degree, I Can scarce endure the Country in Landscapes and in Hangings.

Y. Bell. What a dreadful thing 'twould be to be Hurry'd back to *Hampshire*! —

Har.

See Fopling Flutter. 39

Har. Ah!—same it not?

Y. Bell. As for us, I find we shall agree well enough. Would we could do something to deceive the Grave People.

Har. Could we delay their Proceeding, 'twere well. A Reprieve is a good Step towards the getting of a Pardon.

Y. Bell. If we give over the Game, we are undone: What think you of playing it on Booty?

Har. What do you mean?

Y. Bell. Pretend to be in Love with one another; 'twill Make some dilatory Excuses we may feign pass the better.

Har. Let us do't, if it be but for the dear Pleasure Of dissembling.

Y. Bell. Can you play your Part?

Har. I know not what 'tis to love; but I have made Pretty Remarks by being now and then where Lovers Meet. Where did you leave their Gravities?

Y. Bell. I th' next Room; your Mother was censuring Our modern Gallants.

Enter Old Bellair, and Lady Woodvil.

Har. Peace! here they come. I will lean against this Wall, and look bashfully down upon my Fan, while you, Like an amorous Spark, modestly entertain me.

Wood. Never go about to excuse 'em; come, come, it was not so when I was a young Woman.

O. Bell. A-dod, they're something disrespectful.

Wood. Quality was then consider'd and not rally'd By every scolding Bellow.

O. Bell. Youth will have its Jest, a-dod it will.

Wood. 'Tis good breeding now to be civil to none but Players and Exchange Women; they are treated by 'em! As much above their Condition, as others are below theirs.

O. Bell. Out a pife on 'em, talk no more; the Rogues! Ha' got an ill Habit of preferring Beauty, no matter Where they find it.

Wood. See your Son and my Daughter, they have Improved their Acquaintance since they were with'd.

O. Bell. A-dod methinks they have! Let's keep Back, and observe 'em.

Y. Bell. Now for a Look and Gestures that may Persuade 'em I am saying all the passionate things imaginable.

Har.

40 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Har. Your Head a little more on one side; ease your Self on your left Leg, and play with your right Hand.

Y. Bell. Thus, is it not?

Har. Now set your right Leg firm on the Ground, Adjust your Belt, then look about you.

Y. Bell. A little Exercising will make me perfect.

Har. Smile, and turn to me again very sparkish!

Y. Bell. Will you take your Turn, and be instructed?

Har. With all my Heart.

Y. Bell. At one Motion play your Fan, roll your Eyes, And then settle a kind Look upon me.

Har. So.

Y. Bell. Now spread your Fan, look down upon it, And tell the Sticks with a Finger.

Har. Very modest.

Y. Bell. Clap your Hand up to your Bosom, hold Down your Gown, shrug a little, draw up your Breasts, And let 'em fall again gently with a Sigh or two, &c.

Har. By the good Instructions you give, I suspect You for one of those malicious Observers who watch People's Eyes, and from innocent Looks make scandalous Conclusions.

Y. Bell. I know some, indeed, who out of meer Love To Mischief are as vigilant as Jealousy it self, and will Give you an Account of every Glance that passes at a Play, And i'th' Circle.

Har. 'Twill not be amiss now to seem a little pleasant.

Y. Bell. Clap your Fan then in both your Hands, snatch it To your Mouth, smile, and with a lively Motion fling Your Body a little forwards. So—now spread it; Fall back on the sudden; cover your Face with it, and Break out into a loud Laughter—take up! look grave, And fall a Fanning of your self—admirably well acted,

Har. I think I am pretty spt at these Matters!

O. Bell. A-dod, I like this well.

Wood. This promises something.

O. Bell. Come, there is Love i'th' Case, a-dod there Is, or will be, what say you, young Lady?

Har. All in good time, Sir: You expect we should Fall to, and love as Game Cocks fight, as soon as we are Set together; a-dod you're unreasonable!

O. Bell. A-dod, Sir, I like thy Wit well. Enter

Sir Fopling Flutter.

41

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Coach is at the Door, Madam.

O. Bell. Go get you and take the Air together.

Wood. Will not you go with us?

O. Bell. Out a pize: A-dod I ha' Bafiness and cannot.

We shall meet at Night at my Sister Townley's.

Y. Bell. H'es going to Emilia.

[*Aside.*]

I overheard him talk of a Collation.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Townley, Emilia, and Mr. Medley.

Town. I pity the young Lovers we last talk'd of,

Though, to say Truth, their Conduct has been so

Indiscreet, they deserve to be unfortunate.

Med. Y' have had an exact Account, from the great

Lady i' th' Box down to the little Orange Wench.

Emil. Y' are living Libel, a breathing Lampoon;

wonder you are not torn in pieces.

Med. What think you of setting up an Office of

Intelligence for these Matters? The Project may get

mony.

Town. You would have great Dealings with Country

ladies.

Med. More than Muddiman has with their Husbands.

Enter Bellinda.

Town. Bellinda, what has been become of you! we

have not seen you here of late with your Friend Mrs. Louisa.

Bell. Dear Creature, I left but now so sadly afflicted.

Town. With her old Distemper, Jealousy!

Med. Dorimant has plaid her some new Prank.

Bell. Well, that Dorimant is certainly the worst Man]

breathing.

Emil. I once thought so.

Bell. And do you not think so still?

Emil. No indeed!

Bell. Oh Jesu!

Emil. The Town does him a great deal of Injury, and

will never believe what it says of a Man I do not know

gain for his sake.

Bell. You make me wonder!

Town. He's a very well-bred Man.

Bell.

42 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Bell. But strangely ill-natur'd.

Emil. Then he's a very witty Man.

Bell. But a Man of no Principles.

Med. Your Man of Principles is a very fine thing
Indeed.

Bell. To be prefer'd to Men of Parts by Women who
Have regard to their Reputation and Quiet. Well, were
I minded to play the Fool, he should be the last Man I'd
Think of.

Med. He has been the First in many Ladies Favours,
Though you are so severe, Madam.

Town. What he may be for a Lover I know not, but
He's a very pleasant Acquaintance I am sure.

Bell. Had you seen him use Mrs. Loveit as I have done
You would never endure him more.

Emil. What he has quarrell'd with her again!

Bell. Upon the slightest Occasion, he's jealous of
Sir Fopling.

Town. She never saw him in her Life but yesterday,
And that was here.

Emil. On my Conscience, he's the only Man in Town
That's her Averſion; how horribly out of Humour she
Was all the while he talk'd to her!

Bell. And ſome Body has wickedly told him —

Emil. Here he comes.

[Enter Dorimant]

Med. Dorimant! you are luckily come to juſtify your
Self — here's a Lady —

Bell. Has a Word or two to ſay to you from a
Diſconſolate Perſon.

Dor. You tender your Reputation too much I know,
Madam, to whisper with me before this good Company.

Bell. To ſerve Mrs. Loveit, I'll make a bold Venture.

Dor. Here's Madley, the very Spirit of Scandal,

Bell. No Matter!

Emil. 'Tis ſomething you are unwilling to hear,
Mr. Dorimant.

Town. Tell him, Bellinda, whether he will or no.

Bell. Mrs. Loveit.

[Aloud]

Dor. Softly, theſe are Laughters, you do not know 'em.

Bell. In a Word, y'ave made me hate you. [To Dor. apart]
Which I thought you never could have done.

Dor.

Dor. In obeying your Commands.

Bell. 'Twas a cruel part you play'd how could you
Ask it?

Dor. Nothing is cruel to a Man who could kill himself
To please you, remember Five a Clock to-morrow Morning.

Bell. I tremble when you name it.

Dor. Be sure you come.

Bell. I sha' not.

Dor. Swear you will.

Bell. I dare not.

Dor. Swear, I say.

Bell. By my Life! by all the happiness I hope for —

Dor. You will.

Bell. I will.

Dor. Kind.

Bell. I am glad I've sworn, I vow I think I should
Ha' fail'd you else!

Dor. Surprisingly kind! In what Temper did you
Leave *Louisa*?

Bell. Her raving was prettily over, and she began to
Be in a brave way of defying you, and all your Works.
Where have you been since you went from thence?

Dor. I look'd in at the Play.

Bell. I have promis'd and must return to her again.

Dor. Persuade her to walk in the Mall this Evening.

Bell. She hates the Place, and will not come.

Dor. Do all you can to prevail with her.

Bell. For what purpose?

Dor. Sir *Fopling* will be here anon, I'll prepare him to
Set upon her there before me.

Bell. You Persecute her too much, but I'll do all you'll
Bid me.

Dor. Tell her plainly, 'tis grown so dull a [Aloud.
Business I can drudge on no longer.

Emil. There are Afflictions in Love, Mr. *Dorimant*.

Dor. You Women make 'em, who are commonly as
Unreasonable in that as you are at Play, without the
Advantage be on your side. A Man can never quietly give
Over when he's weary?

Med. If you would play without being obliged to
Complaisance, *Dorimant*, you should play in publick Places.

Dor.

44 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Dor. Ordinaries were a very good thing for that, but Gentlemen do not of late frequent 'em; the deep Play is Now in private Houses. [*Bellinda offering to steal away.*

Town. *Bellinda*, are you leaving us so soon?

Bell. I am to go to the Park with Mrs. Loveit, Madam. _____ [*Exit Bellinda.*

Town. This Confidence will go nigh to spoil this Young Creature.

Med. 'Twill do her good, Madam. Young Men who Are brought up under practising Lawyers prove the Abler Council when they come to be call'd to the Bar Themselves. _____

Dor. The Town has been very favourable to you this Afternoon, my Lady *Townley*, you use to have an *Ambara's* of Chairs and Coaches at your Door, an Uproar of Footmen in your Hall, and a Noise of Fools Above here.

Town. Indeed my House is the general Rendevous, and; Next to the Play-house, is the common Refuge of all the Young idle People.

Emil. Company is a very good thing, Madam, but I Wonder you do not love it a little more chosen.

Town. 'Tis good to have an universal Taste, we should Love Wit, but for Variety be able to divert our selves With the Extravagancies of those who want it.

Med. Fools will make you Laugh.

Emil. For once or twice; but the Repetition of their Folly, after a Visit or two, grows tedious and unsufferable.

Town. You are a little too delicate, *Emilia*.

Enter a Page.

Page. Sir *Fopling Flutter*, Madam, desires to know if You are to be seen.

Town. Here's the freshest Fool in Town, and one who Has not cloy'd you yet. *Page!*

Page. Madam!

Town. Desire him to walk up.

Dor. Do not you fall on him, *Madley*, and snub him. Sooth him up in his Extravagance! he will shew the Better.

Med. You know I have a natural Indulgence for Fools, And need not this Caution, Sir!

Enter

Sir Fopling Flutter.

45

Enter Sir Fopling Flutter, with his Page after him.

Sir Fop. Page, wait without. Madam, [To La. Townley.
I kiss your Hands, I see yesterday was nothing of
Chance, the Belles Assemblées form themselves here every
Day. Lady, your Servant; [To Emilia.

Dorimant, let me embrace thee; without lying, I have
Not met with any of my Acquaintance, who retain so
Much of Paris as thou dost, the very Air thou hadst
When the Marquis mistook thee for *Tailleries*, and
Cry'd, Hey Chevalier, and then begg'd thy pardon.

Dor. I would fain wear in Fashion as long as I can, Sir,
'Tis a thing to be val'd in Men as well as Sawbles.

Sir Fop. Thou art a Man of Wit, and understand'st the
Town; prithee let thee and I be intimate, there is no
Living without making some good Man the Confident
Of our Pleasures.

Dor. 'Tis true! but there is no Man so improper for
Such a Business as I am.

Sir Fop. Prithee! why hast thou so modest an Opinion
Of thy self?

Dor. Why first, I could never keep a Secret in my
Life; and then there is no Charm so infallibly makes me
Fall in Love with a Woman, as my knowing a Friend
Loves her. I deal honestly with you.

Sir Fop. Thy Humour's very galant, or let me perish,
I knew a *French Count* so like thee.

Town. Wit, I perceive, has more Power over you
Than Beauty, Sir Fopling, else you would not have
Let this Lady stand so long neglected.

Sir Fop. A thousand Pardon, Madam, [To Emilia.
Some Civilities due of Course upon the meeting a long
Absent Friend. The *Eclat* of so much Beauty, I
Confess, ought to have charm'd me sooner.

Emil. The Brillian of so much good Language, Sir,
Has much more power than the little Beauty, I can boast.

Sir Fop. I never saw any thing prettier than this high
Work on your *Point D'espaings*.

Emil. 'Tis not so rich as *Point de Venise*.

Sir Fop. Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more
Proper for the Season. Dorimant, is not that *Modesty*?

Dor. The same, Sir.

Sir

Sir Fop. Forgive me, Sir, in this Ambush of Civilities I could not come to have you in my Arms sooner. You Understand an Equipage the best of any Man in Town, I hear.

Med. By my own you would not guess it.

Sir Fop. There are Criticks who do not Write, Sir.

Med. Our peevish Poets will scarce allow it.

Sir Fop. Damn 'em, they'll allow no Man Wit, who Does not play the Fool like themselves, and shew it! Have you taken notice of the Galleth I brought over?

Med. O yes! it has quite another Air than th' English Makes.

Sir Fop. 'Tis as easily known from an English Tumbler As an Inns of Court Man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly there is a Bell-air in Gallethies, as well As Men.

Med. But there are few so delicate to observe it.

Sir Fop. The World is generally very grossier here Indeed.

Town. He's very Fine.

Emil. Extreme Proper.

Sir Fop. A slight Suit I made to appear in at my first Arrival, not worthy your Consideration, Ladies.

Dor. The Pantaloon is very well mounted.

Sir Fop. The Tassels are new and pretty.

Med. I never saw a Coat better cut.

Sir Fop. It makes me shew long-waisted, and I think Slender.

Dor. That's the Shape our Ladies dote on.

Med. Your Breech though is a handful too high in my Eye, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. Peace, Medley, I have with'd it lower a Thousand times, but a Fox on't 'twill not be.

Town. His Gloves are well Fring'd, large and graceful.

Sir Fop. I was always Eminent for being bien gante.

Emil. He wears nothing but what are Originals of the Most Famous Hands in Paris.

Sir Fop. You are in the right, Madam.

Town. The Suit?

Sir Fop. Barroy.

Emil. The Garniture?

Sir Fopling Flutter.

47

Sir Fop. *Le Gras.*

Mad. The Shoes?

Sir Fop. *Piccar.*

Dor. The Periwig?

Sir Fop. *Cheveux.*

Town. and Emil. The Gloves?

Sir Fop. *Orangerie.* You know the smell, Ladies.

Dorimant. I could find in my Heart for an Amusement
To have a Galantry with some of our *English* Ladies.

Dor. 'Tis a thing no less necessary to confirm the
Reputation of your Wit, than a Duel will be to satisfy
The Town of your Courage.

Sir Fop. Here was a Woman yesterday. —

Dor. *Mistress Lovett.*

Sir Fop. You have nam'd her.

Dor. You cannot pitch on a better for your purpose.

Sir Fop. Prithce! what is she?

Dor. A Person of Quality, and one who has a Rest of
Reputation enough to make the Conquest considerable;

Besides I hear she likes you too!

Sir Fop. Methoughts she seem'd though very reserv'd
And uneasy, all the time I entertain'd her.

Dor. Grimace and Affectation: You will see
her i'th Mail to-night.

Sir Fop. Prithce, let this and I take the Aint together!

Dor. I am engag'd to *Medley*, but I'll meet you at
Saint James's, and give you some Information, upon the
Which you may regulate your Proceedings.

Sir Fop. All the World will be in the Park to-night:

Ladies, 'twere pity to keep so much Beauty longer within
Doors, and rob the Ring of all those Charms that should
adorn it. — Hey Page! [Enter Page, and goes out again.]

That all my People be ready. *Dorimant.* A Revolt.

Mad. A fine man'd Concomitant no more.

Dor. Brisk and insipid. —

Mad. Pert and dull.

Emil. However you despise him, Gentlemen, I'll lay

My Life he passes for a Wit with many.

Dor. That may very well be, Nature has her Cheats,

gives a Brain, and puts Sophisticate Dulness often on

the Tasteless Multitude for true Wit and good Humour.

Medley, come.

Mad.

Med. I must go a little way; I will meet you Pth the Mall.

Dor. I'll walk through the Garden thither; we shall Meet anon and bow. [To the Women]

Town. Not to-night; we are engaged about a Business The Knowledge of which may make you laugh hereafter

Med. Your Servant, Ladies.

Dor. A Revoir, as Sir Fopling says.

[Ex. Medley and Dorimant]

Town. The old Man will be here immediately.

Emil. Let's expect him Pth Garden —

Yves. Go, you are a Rogue.

Emil. I can't abide you. [Exeunt]

SCENE III. *The Mall.*

Enter Harriet and Young Bellair, she pulling him.

Har. Come along.

Y. Bell. And leave your Mother?

Har. *Buffy* will be sent with a Hue and Cry after us; But that's no matter.

Y. Bell. 'Twill look strangely in me.

Har. She'll believe it a Fresh of mine, and never Blame your Manners.

Y. Bell. What Reverend Acquaintance is that she has me

Har. A Fellow-beauty of the last King's time, though

By the Ruins you would hardly guess it. [Exeunt]

[Enter Dorimant, and crosses the Stage]
Enter Young Bellair and Harriet.

Y. Bell. By this time your Mother is in a fine Taking

Har. If your Friend, Mr. Dorimant, were but here now

That she might find me talking with him.

Y. Bell. She does not know him, but dreads him, I Hear, of all Mankind.

Har. She concludes, if he does but speak to a Woman She's undone, is on her Knees every Day to pray Heaven Defend me from him.

Y. Bell. You do not apprehend him so much as she Does.

Har. I never saw any thing in him that was frightful

Y. Bell. On the contrary, have you not observed Something extreme delightful in his Wit and Person?

Sir Fopling Flutter.

Har. He's agreeable and pleasant I must own, but he
Does so much affect being so, he displeases me.

Y. Bell. Lord, Madam, all he does and says is so easy,
And so natural.

Har. Some Mens Verses seem so to the unskilful, but
Labour i'the one, and Affectation in the other, to the
Judicious plainly appear.

Y. Bell. I never heard him accus'd of Affectation before.
Enter Dorimant, and starts upon her.

Har. It passes on the easy Town, who are favourably
Pleas'd in him to call it Humour.

Ex. Young Bellair and Harriet.

Dor. 'Tis she! it must be she, that lovely Hair, that
Easy Shape, those wanton Eyes, and all those melting
Charms about her Mouth, which Medley spoke of; I'll
Follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my
Friend Bellair.

Ex. Dor. repeating.
In Love the Victors from the vanquish'd fly,
They fly that Wound, and they pursue that Die.

*Enter Young Bellair and Harriet, and after them Dorimant
standing at a distance.*

Y. Bell. Most People prefer High-Park to this Place.

Har. It has the better Reputation I confess; but I
Abominate the dull Diversions there, the formal Bows,
The affected Smiles, the silly By-words, and Amorous
Tweers in passing; here one meets with a little
Conversation now and then.

Y. Bell. These Conversations have been fatal to some
Of your Sex, Madam.

Har. It may be so; because some who want Temper
Have been undone by Gaming, must others who have it
Wholly deny themselves the Pleasure of Play.

Dor. Trait me, it were unreasonable, Madam,
Coming up gently, and bowing to her.

Har. Lord! who's that?

Y. Bell. Dorimant.

Dor. Is this the Woman your Father would have
You Marry?

Y. Bell. It is.

Dor. Her Name?

Y. Bell. Harriet.

50 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Dor. I am not mistaken, she's handsome.

Y. Bell. Talk to her, her Wit is better than her Face;
We were wishing for you but now.

Dor. Overcast with Seriousness o' the sudden! [*To Harriet.*
A thousand Smiles were shining in that Face but now;
I never saw so quick a change of Weather.

Har. I feel as great a Change within;
But he shall never know it.

Dor. You were talking of Play, Madam, pray what
May be your Stint?

Har. A little harmless Discourse in publick Walks, or
At most an Appointment in a Box bare-fac'd at the
Play-House; you are for Masks and private Meetings,
Where Women engage for all they are worth, I hear.

Dor. I have been us'd to deep Play, but I can make
One at small Games, when I like my Gamester well.

Har. And be so unconcern'd you'll ha' no pleasure in it.

Dor. Where there is a considerable Sum to be won, the
Hope of drawing People in, makes every Trifle considerable.

Har. The Sordidness of Mens Natures, I know, makes
'Em willing to flatter and comply with the Rich, though
They are sure never to be the better for 'em.

Dor. 'Tis in their Power to do us good, and we despair
Not but at some time or other they may be willing.

Har. To Men who have far'd on this Town like you,
'Twould be a great Mortification to live on Hope; could
You keep a Lent for a Mistress?

Dor. In Expectation of a happy Easter, and though
Time be very precious, think forty Days well lost, to
Gain your Favour.

Har. Mr. Bellam! let us walk, 'tis time to leave him,
Men grow dull when they begin to be particular.

Dor. 'Tis mistaken Flattery will not ensue, though I
Know 'tis greedy of the Praises of the whole Mall.

Har. You do me wrong.

Dor. I do not, as I follow'd you, I observ'd how you
Were pleas'd when the Fops cry'd She's handsome, very
Handsome, by God she is, and whisper'd aloud your
Name, the thousand several Forms you put your Face
Into; then, to make your self more agreeable, how
Wantonly you play'd with your Head, Hung back your
Locks,

Sir Fopling Flutter.

51

Locks, and look'd smilingly over your Shoulder at 'em.

Har. I do not go begging the Mens, as you do the Ladies good Liking, with a fly Softness in your Looks, And a gentle Slowness in your Bows as you pass by 'em. — As thus, Sir; — [Admiring him.]
Is not this like you?

Enter Lady Woodvil and Busy.

Y. Bell. Your Mother, Madam.

[Falls Harriet. She composes her self.]

Wood. Ah my dear Child Harriet.

Busy. Now is she so pleased with finding her again she Cannot chide her.

Wood. Come away!

Dor. 'Tis now but high Mall, Madam, the most Entertaining Time of all the Evening.

Har. I would fain see that *Dorimant*, Mother, you so Cry out for a Monster, he's in the Mall I hear.

Wood. Come away then! the Plague is here, and you Should dread the Infection.

Y. Bell. You may be misinform'd of the Gentleman.

Wood. Oh no! I hope you do not know him? He is The Prince of all the Devils in the Town, delights in Nothing but in Rapes and Riots.

Dor. If you did but hear him speak, Madam!

Wood. Oh! he has a Tongue, they say, would tempt The Angels to a second Fall.

Enter Sir Fopling with his Equipage, six Footmen and a Page.

Sir Fop. Hey, *Champagne*, *Norman*, *La Rose*, *La Fleur*, *La Tour*, *La Verdue*, *Dorimant*! —

Wood. Here, here he is among this Rout, he names Him; come away, *Harriet*, come away.

[Ex. Lady Woodvil, Harriet, Busy and young Bellair.]

Dor. This Fool's coming has spoil'd all, she's gone, But she has left a pleasing Image of her self behind, that Wanders in my Soul — It must not settle there.

Sir Fop. What *Resverie* is this! speak, Man.

Dor. Snatch'd from my self how far behind

Already I behold the Shore!

Enter Medley.

Med. *Dorimant*, a Discovery! I met with *Bellair*.

C 3

Dor,

Dor. You can tell me no News, Sir, I know all.

Med. How do you like the Daughter?

Dor. You never came so near Truth in your Life, as You did in her Description.

Med. What think you of the Mother?

Dor. Whatever I think of her, she thinks very well Of me, I find.

Med. Did she know you?

Dor. She did not, whether she does now or no I know not. Here was a pleasant Scene towards, when in came Sir Fopling, mustering up his Equipage, and at the latter End nam'd me, and frighted her away.

Med. *Loveis* and *Bellinda* are not far off, I saw 'em Alight at St. James's.

Dor. Sir Fopling, hark you, a Word or two, [*Whispers.* Look you do not want Assurance.

Sir Fop. I never do on these Occasions.

Dor. Walk on, we must not be seen together, make Your Advantage of what I have told you, the next Turn you will meet the Lady.

Sir Fop. Hey — Follow me all.

[*Ex. Sir Fopling and his Equipage.*]

Dor. Medley, you shall see good Sport anon between *Loveis* and this *Fopling*.

Med. I thought there was something toward by that Whisper.

Dor. You know a worthy Principle of hers?

Med. Not to be so much as Civil to a Man, who Speaks to her in the Presence of him she professes to Love.

Dor. I have encourag'd *Fopling* to talk to her to-night.

Med. Now you are here she will go nigh to beat him.

Dor. In the Humour she's in, her Love will make her Do some very extravagant thing doubtless.

Med. What was *Bellinda*'s Business with you at my Lady *Townley*'s?

Dor. To get me to meet *Loveis* here in Order to an Reconciliation; I made some difficulty of it, and have Prepar'd this Rencontre to make good my Jealousy.

Med. Here they come!

Sir Popling Flutter.

93

Enter Lovett, Bellinda and Pert.

Dor. I'll meet her, and provoke her with a deal of
Dumb Civility in passing by, then turn short and be
Behind her, when Sir Popling sets upon her ———

See how unregarded now

That piece of Beauty passes ———

[Ex. Dor. and Med.

Bell. How wonderful respectfully he Bow'd!

Pert. He's always over mannerly when he has done a
Mischief.

Bell. Methoughts indeed at the same time he had a
Strange despising Countenance.

Pert. The unlucky Look he thinks becomes him.

Bell. I was afraid you would have spoke to him, my
Dear.

Lov. I would have dy'd first; he shall no more find
Me the loving Fool he has done.

Bell. You love him still?

Lov. No.

Pert. I wish you did not.

Lov. I do not, and I will have you think so: What
Made you hale me to this odious place, Bellinda?

Bell. I hate to be hutch'd up in a Coach; Walking is
Much better.

Lov. Would we could meet Sir Popling now.

Bell. Lord! would you not avoid him?

Lov. I would make him all the Advances that may be.

Bell. That would confirm Dorimant's Suspicion, my
Dear.

Lov. He is not jealous, but I will make him so, and
be reveng'd a way he little thinks on.

Bell. *aside*. If she should make him jealous, that may
make him fond of her again: I must dissuade her from

it. Lord! my Dear, this will certainly make him hate
You.

Lov. 'Twill make him uneasy, though he does not
Care for me; I know the Effects of Jealousy on Men of
his proud Temper.

Bell. 'Tis a fantastick Remedy, its Operations are
Dangerous and uncertain.

Lov. 'Tis the strongest Cordial we can give to dying
Love, it often brings it back when there's no sign of Life

54 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Remaining: But I design not so much the reviving his,
As my Revenge.

Enter Sir Fopling and his Equipage.

Sir Fop. Hey! bid the Coachman send home Four of
His Horses, and bring the Coach to *Whitehall*. I'll walk
Over the Park — Madam, the Honour of kissing your
Fair Hands is a Happiness I miss'd this Afternoon at my
Lady *Townley's*.

Lov. You were very obliging, Sir Fopling, the last time
I saw you there.

Sir Fop. The Preference was due to your Wit and
Beauty. Madam, your Servant, there never was so
Sweet an Evening.

Bell. 'T has drawn all the Rabble of the Town hither.

Sir Fop. 'Tis pity there's not an Order made, that none
But the *Beau Monde* should walk here.

Lov. 'Twould add much to the Beauty of the place:
See what a sort of nasty Fellows are coming.

[Enter four ill-fashio'd Fellows singing.]

'Tis not for Kisses alone, &c.

Lov. Fo! Their *Periwigs* are scented with Tobacco
So strong —

Sir Fop. It overcomes our *Pulvilio* — Methinks I
Smell the Coffee-house they came from.

1 Man. *Dorimant's* convenient, Madam *Lovist*.

2 Man. I like the Oylie — Buttock with her.

Man. What spruce Prig is that?

1 Man. A Caravan, lately come from *Paris*.

2 Man. Peace, they smoke.

There's something else to be done, &c.

[All of them Coughing.]

[Ex. Singing.]

Enter Dorimant and Medley.

Dor. They're engag'd. —

Mad. She entertains him as if she lik'd him.

Dor. Let us go forward — seem earnest in Discourse,
And shew our selves. Then you shall see how she'll
Use him.

Bell. Yonder's *Dorimant*, my Dear.

Lov. I see him, he comes insulking; but I will
Disappoint him in his Expectation.

[Aside.]

To

Sir Fopling Flutter.

To Sir Fop.] I like this pretty nice Humour of yours.
 Sir Fopling: With what a loathing Eye he look'd upon
 Those Fellows!

Sir Fop. I sat near one of 'em at a Play to Day, and
 Was almost poison'd with a pair of Cordivant Gloves
 He wears.

Lov. Oh! filthy Cordivant, how I hate the Smell!

[Laughs in a loud affected way.]

Sir Fop. Did you observe, Madam, how their Cravats,
 Hung loose an Inch from their Neck, and what a
 Frightful Air it gave 'em.

Lov. Oh I took particular notice of one that is always
 Spruc'd up with a deal of dirty Sky-colour'd Ribband.

Bell. That's one of the walking Fleajets who haunt the
 Mall o' Nights.

Lov. Oh! I remember, him h' has a hollow Tooth
 Enough to spoil the sweetness of an Evening.

Sir Fop. I have seen the tallest walk the Streets with a
 Dainty pair of Boxes, neatly buckl'd on.

Lov. And a little Footboy at his Heels Pocket high.
 With a flat Cap ——— a dirty Face.

Sir Fop. And a snotty Nose. ———

Lov. Oh! ——— odious! there's many of my own Sex
 With that Holborn Equipage trip to Gray's Inn-Walks,
 And now and then Travel hither on a Sunday.

Med. She takes no notice of you.

Dor. Damn her! I am jealous of a Counter-plot!

Lov. Your Liveries are the finest, Sir Fopling. ———
 Oh that Page! that Page is the prettiest dress'd ———
 They are all Frenchmen.

Sir Fop. There's one damn'd English Blockhead
 Among 'em, you may know him by his Mien.

Lov. Oh! that's he, that's he, what do you call him?

Sir Fop. Hey ——— I know not what to call him. ———

Lov. What's your Name?

Footm. John Trott, Madam!

Sir Fop. O unsufferable! Trott, Trott, Trott! there's
 Nothing so barbarous as the Names of our English
 Servants: What Countryman are you, Sirrah?

Footm. Hampshire, Sir.

Sir Fop. Then Hampshire be your Name, Hey Hampshire!

Lov. O that Sound, that Sound becomes the Mouth of
A Man of Quality!

Med. *Dorimant*, you look a little bashful on the matter

Dor. She dissembles better than I thought she could
Have done.

Med. You have tempted her with too luscious a Bait.
She bites at the Coxcomb.

Dor. She cannot fall from loving me to that?

Med. You begin to be jealous in earnest.

Dor. Of one I do not love —

Med. You did love her.

Dor. The Fit has long been over —

Med. But I have known Men fall into dangerous
Relapses when they have found a Woman inclining to
Another.

Dor. He guesses the Secret of my Heart! I am concern'd,
But dare not shew it, lest *Bellinda* should mistrust all I
Have done to gain her. [To himself.]

Bell. aside. I have watch'd his Look, and find no
Alteration there. Did he love her, some signs of Jealousy
Would have appear'd.

Dor. I hope this happy Evening, *Madam*, has reconcil'd
You to the scandalous Mall, we shall have you now
Hankering here again. —

Lov. *Sir Fopling*, will you walk? —

Sir Fop. I am all Obedience, *Madam* —

Lov. Come along then — and let's agree to be
Malicious on all the ill-fashion'd things we meet.

Sir Fop. We'll make a Critick on the whole Mall, *Madam*.

Lov. *Bellinda*, you shall engage —

Bell. To the Reserve of our Friends, my Dear.

Lov. No, no Exceptions —

Sir Fop. We'll sacrifice all to our Diversion —

Lov. All — all —

Sir Fop. All.

Bell. All? Then let it be.

[Ex. *Sir Fop.* *Lov.* *Bell.* and *Pert* laughing.]

Med. Would you had brought some more of your
Friends, *Dorimant*, to have been Witnesses of *Sir Fopling's*
Disgrace and your Triumph —

Dor. 'Twere unreasonable to desire you not to laugh

At

Sir Fopling Flutter.

57

At me: But pray do not expose me to the Town this Day or two.

Med. By that time you hope to have regain'd your Credit.

Dor. I know she hates *Fopling*, and only makes use of him in hope to work me on again: Had it not been for Some powerful Considerations, which will be remov'd To-morrow Morning, I had made her pluck off this Mask, And shew the Passion that lies panting under.

Enter a Footman.

Med. Here comes a Man from *Bellair*, with News of Your last Adventure.

Dor. I am glad he sent him. I long to know the Consequence of our Parting.

Footm. Sir, my Master desires you to come to my Lady *Townley's* presently, and bring Mr. *Medley* with you: My Lady *Woodvil* and her Daughter are there.

Med. Then all's well, *Dorimant*——

Footm. They have sent for the Fiddles, and mean to Dance. He bid me tell you, Sir, the old Lady does not know you, and would have you own your self to be Mr. *Courts*. They are all prepar'd to receive you by That Name.

Dor. That Foppish Admirer of Quality, who flatters The very Meat at Honourable Tables, and never offers Love to a Woman below a Lady-Grandmother.

Med. You know the Character you are to act, I see.

Dor. This is *Harriet's* Contrivance—— wild, witty, Lovesome, beautiful, and young—— Come along, *Medley*!

Med. This new Woman would well supply the Loss of *Loveit*.

Dor. That Business must not end so; before To-morrow Sun is set, I will revenge and clear it.

*And you and Loveit to her Cost shall find,
I fashion all the Depths of Womankind.*

[Exeunt.]

C 5

A C T

58 *The Man of Mode; or,*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene opens with the Fiddles playing a Country Dance.

Enter Dorimant, Lady Woodvil, Young Bellair, and Mrs. Harriet, Old Bellair and Emilia, Mr. Medley and Lady Townley; as having just ended the Dance.

O. Bell. SO, so, so, a smart Bout, a very smart Bout
A-dod!

Town. How do you like Emilia's Dancing, Brother?

O. Bell. Not at all, not at all.

Town. You speak not what you think, I am sure.

O. Bell. No matter for that, go, bid her dance no
More: It don't become her, it don't become her; tell her
I say so. A-dod I love her. *[Aside.]*

Dor. All People mingle now-a-days, Madam; *[To L. Wood.]*
And in publick Places Women of Quality have the least
Respect shew'd 'em.

Wood. I protest you say the Truth, Mr. Courage.

Dor. Forms and Ceremonies, the only Things that
Uphold Quality and Greatness, are now shamefully laid
Aside and neglected.

Wood. Well, this is not the Womens Age, let 'em
Think what they will, Lewdness is the Business now
Love was the Business in my Time.

Dor. The Women indeed are little beholding to the
Young Men of this Age; they're generally only dull
Admirers of themselves, and make their Court to nothing
But their Periwigs and their Cravats, and would be more
Concern'd for the disordering 'em, though on a good
Occasion, than a young Maid would be for the tumbling
Of her Head or Handkerchief.

Wood. I protest you hit 'em.

Dor. They are very assiduous to shew themselves at
Court well-dress'd to the Women of Quality; but their
Business is with the stale Mistresses of the Town, who
Are prepar'd to receive their lazy Addresses by
Industrious old Lovers, who have cast 'em off, and
Made 'em easy.

Har. He fits my Mother's Humour so well, a little
More

57 Hopling Flutter 590

More, and he'll dance a killing Dance with him anon.

Med. Dutifully observ'd, Madam.

Dor. They pretend to be great Criticks in Beauty; by their Talk you would think they lik'd no Face, and yet can dote on an ill one, if it belong to a Landress or Taylor's Daughter; they cry a Woman's past her Prime at Twenty, decay'd at Four and Twenty, old and Unfufferable at Thirty.

Wood. Unfufferable at Thirty! That they are in the Wrong, Mr. Courage; at Five and Thirty there are Living proofs enough to convince 'em.

Dor. Ay, Madam; there's Mrs. Serlooks, Mrs. Droplip, and my Lady Lowd; shew me among all our opening buds, a Face that promises so much Beauty as the Remains of theirs.

Wood. The deprav'd Appetite of this vicious Age tastes nothing but green Fruit, and lothes it when 'tis kindly ripen'd.

Dor. Else so many deserving Women, Madam, would not be so untimely neglected.

Wood. I protest, Mr. Courage, a Dozen such good wen as you, would be enough to stone for that wicked vorimant, and all the Under-debauchees of the Town. What's the Matter there?

[Har. Emil. Y. Bell. Med. Lady Town. break one into a Laughter.

Med. A pleasant Mistake, Madam, that a Lady has made, occasions a little Laughter.

O. Bell. Come, come, you keep 'em idle; they are impatient till the Fiddles play again.

Dor. You are not weary, Madam?

Wood. One Dance more: I cannot refuse you, Mr. Courage.

[They dance.

Emil. You are very active, Sir.

After the Dance, Old Bellair singing and dancing up to Emil.

O. Bell. A-dod, Sirrah, when I was a young Fellow, I could ha' caper'd up to my Woman's Gorget.

Dor. You are willing to rest yourself, Madam—

Town. We'll walk into my Chamber, and sit down.

Med. Leave us, Mr. Courage! He's a Dancer, and the young Ladies are not weary yet.

Wood. We'll send him out again.

Har.

60 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Har. If you do not quickly, I know where to send For Mr. Dorimant.

Wood. This Girl's Head, Mr. *Courage*, is ever running On that wild Fellow.

Dor. 'Tis well you have got her a good Husband, Madam, that will settle it.

[*Exeunt Lady Townley, Woodvil, and Dorimant.*]

O. Bell. to *Emil.* A-dod, Sweetheart, be advis'd, and Do not throw thy self away on a young idle Fellow.

Emil. I have no such Intention, Sir.

O. Bell. Have a little patience; thou shalt have the Man I spake of. A-dod he loves thee, and will make a Good Husband; but no Words——

Emil. But, Sir——

O. Bell. No Answer——out a pize! peace! and Think on't.

[*Enter Dorimant.*]

Dor. Your Company is desir'd within, Sir.

O. Bell. I go, I go, good Mr. *Courage*——Fare you Well; go, I'll see you no more. [To *Emil.*]

Emil. What have I done, Sir?

O. Bell. You are ugly, you are ugly. Is she not, Mr. *Courage*?

Emil. Better Words, or I shan't abide you.

O. Bell. Out a pize——a-dod; what does she say? Hit Her a pat for me there. [Exit Old Bellair.]

Med. You have Charms for the whole Family.

Dor. You'll spoil all with some unseasonable Jest, *Medley.*

Med. You see I confine my Tongue, and am content To be a bare Spectator, much contrary to my Nature.

Emil. Methinks, Mr. *Dorimant*, my Lady *Woodvil* is a Little fond of you.

Dor. Wou'd her Daughter were.

Med. It may be you may find her so; try her, you Have an Opportunity.

Dor. And I will not lose it. *Bellair*, here's a Lady has Something to say to you.

Y. Bell. I wait upon her. Mr. *Medley*, we have both Business with you.

Dor. Get you all together then. [To *Harriet.*] That Demure Curt'sy is not amiss in jest; but do not think in Earnest it becomes you. [To *Har.*]

Sir Fopling Flutter. 61

Har. Affectation is catching, I find; from your grave
Bow I got it.

Dor. Where had you all that Scorn and Coldness in
Your Looks?

Har. From Nature, Sir, pardon my want of Art, I
Have not learnt those Softnesses and Languishings, which
Now in Faces are so much in Fashion.

Dor. You need 'em not; you have a Sweetness of your
Own, if you would but calm your Frowns, and let it settle.

Har. My Eyes are wild and wand'ring like my Passions,
And cannot yet be ty'd to Rules of Charming.

Dor. Women indeed have commonly a Method of
Managing those Messengers of Love; now they will
Look as if they would kill, and anon they will look as if
They were dying: They point and rebate their Glances,
The better to invite us.

Har. I like this Variety well enough; but hate the set
Face that always looks as it would say, *Come love me*.
A Woman, who at Plays makes the Doux Yeux to a
Whole Audience, and at home cannot forbear 'em to her
Monkey.

Dor. Put on a gentle Smile, and let me see how well
It will become you.

Har. I am sorry my Face does not please you as it is;
But I shall not be complaisant and change it.

Dor. Though you are obstinate, I know 'tis capable of
Improvement; and shall do you Justice, Madam, if I
Chance to be at Court, when the Criticks of the Circle
Pass their Judgment; for thither you must come.

Har. And expect to be taken in pieces, have all my
Features examin'd, every Motion censur'd, and on the
Whole be condemn'd to be but pretty, or a Beauty of the
Lowest Rate. What think you?

Dor. The Women, nay the very Lovers who belong
To the Drawing-room, will maliciously allow you more
Than that; they always grant what is apparent, that they
May the better be believ'd when they name conceal'd
Faults they cannot easily be disprov'd in.

Har. Beauty runs as great a Risque, expos'd at Court,
As Wit does on the Stage, where the Ugly and the
Foolish all are free to Censure.

Dor.

62 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Dor. [*Aside.*] I love her, and dare not let her know it; I Fear sh^e as an Ascendant o'er me, and may revenge the Wrongs I have done her Sex. Think of making a Party; Madam, Love will engage. [*To her.*]

Har. You make me start! I did not think to have Heard of Love from you.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to have a settled Ague Yet; but now and then have had irregular Fits.

Har. Take heed, Sickness after long Health is Commonly more violent and dangerous.

Dor. I have took the Infection from her, and feel the Disease now spreading in me — [*Aside.*]
Is the Name of Love so frightful, that you dare not Stand it? [*To her.*]

Har. 'Twill do little Execution out of your Mouth on Me, I am sure.

Dor. It has been fatal —

Har. To some easy Women; but we are not all born To one Destiny: I was inform'd you use to laugh at Love, and not make it.

Dor. The Time has been; but now I must speak —

Har. If it be on that idle Subject I will put on my Serious Look, turn my Head carelessly from you, drop My Lip, let my Eyelids fall, and hang half o'er my Eyes — thus, while you buzz a Speech of an Hour Long in my Ear, and I answer never a Word: Why do You not begin?

Dor. That the Company may take notice how Passionately I make Advances of Love, and how Disdainfully you receive 'em.

Har. When your Love's grown strong enough to make You bear being laugh'd at, I'll give you leave to trouble Me with it. 'Till when, pray forbear, Sir.

Enter Sir Fopling, and others, in Masks.

Dor. What's here, Masquerades?

Har. I thought that Foppery had been left off, and People might have been in private with a Fiddle.

Dor. 'Tis endeavour'd to be kept on foot still by some, Who find themselves the more acceptable the less they Are known.

Y. Bell. This must be Sir Fopling.

Mrs. That extraordinary Habit shews it.

Y. Bell.

Sir Fopling Flutter

63

Y. Bell. What are the rest?

Med. A Company of French Rascals whom he pick'd Up in Paris, and has brought over to be his Dancing Equipage on these Occasions. Make him own himself, A Fool is very troublesome when he presumes he is Incognito.

Sir Fop. Do you know me?

[To Harriet.]

Har. Ten to one but I guess at you.

Sir Fop. Are you Women as fond of a Vizard, as we Men are?

Har. I am very fond of a Vizard that covers a Face, I do not like, Sir.

Y. Bell. Here are no Masks you see, Sir, but those Which came with you; this was intended a private Meeting: But because you look like a Gentleman, if you Discover your self, and we know you to be such, you Shall be welcome.

Sir Fop. Dear Bellair!

[Pulling off his Mask.]

Med. Sir Fopling! how came you hither?

Sir Fop. Faith I was coming late from Whitehall, after The King's Couchée, one of my People told me he had Heard Fiddles at my Lady Townley's, and ———

Dor. You need not say any more, Sir.

Sir Fop. Dorimant, let me kiss thee.

Dor. Hark you, Sir Fopling?

[Whispers.]

Sir Fop. Enough, enough, *Courage*. A pretty kind of Young Woman that, *Medley*; I observ'd her in the Mall More *Evelin* than our *English* Women commonly are: Prithce, what is she?

Med. The most noted Coquette in Town; beware of Her.

Sir Fop. Let her be what she will, I know how to Take my Measures; in Paris the Mode is to flatter the Prude, laugh at the Faux-prude, make serious Love to The Demi-prude, and only rally with the Coquette.

Medley, what think you?

Med. That for all this Smattering of the Mathematicks, You may be out in your Judgment at Tennis.

Sir Fop. What a *Coc à Panc* is this! I talk of Women, and thou answer'st Tennis.

Med. Mistakes will be for want of Apprehension.

Sir Fop.

64 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Sir Fop. I am very glad of the Acquaintance I have With this Family.

Mad. My Lady truly is a good Woman.

Sir Fop. Ah! *Dorimant*, *Courtage* I would say, wou'd Thou hadst spent the last Winter in *Paris* with me. When Thou wert there, *Le Cornéus* and *Sallyes* were the only *Habitades* we had; a Comedian would have been a *bonne Fortune*. No Stranger ever pass'd his Time so well as I Did some Months before I came over: I was well Receiv'd in a dozen Families, where all the Women of Quality us'd to visit; I have Intrigues to tell thee, more Pleasant than ever thou read'st in a Novel.

Har. Write 'em, Sir, and oblige us Women; our Language wants such little Stories.

Sir Fop. Writing, Madam, is a mechanick Part of Wit: A Gentleman should never go beyond a Song or a Billèt.

Har. *Bussè* was a Gentleman.

Sir Fop. Who, *D'Ambois*?

Mad. Was there ever such a brisk Blockhead?

Har. Not *D'Ambois*, Sir, but *Rubritin*. He who writ *The Loves of France*.

Sir Fop. That may be, Madam; many Gentlemen do Things that are below 'em. Damn your Authors, *Courtage*; Women are the prettiest Things we can fool Away our Time with.

Har. I hope ye have wearied your self To-night at Court, Sir, and will not think of fooling with any Body here.

Sir Fop. I cannot complain of my Fortune there, Madam——— *Dorimant*———

Dor. Again!

Sir Fop. *Courtage*, a Pox on't: I have something to tell Thee. When I had made my Court within, I came Out and stung my self upon the Mat, under the State Ith' outward Room, i'th' midst of half a dozen Beauties, Who were withdrawn to jeer among themselves, as they Called it.

Dor. Did you know 'em?

Sir Fop. Not one of 'em, by Heav'ns! not I. But they Were all your Friends.

Dor. How are you sure of that?

Sir Fop.

Sir Fop. Why we laugh'd at all the Town; for'd no Body but your self, they found me a Man for their Purpose.

Dor. I know you are malicious to your Power.

Sir Fop. And Faith I had Occasion to shew it, for I Never saw more gaping Fools at a Ball, or on a Birth-Day.

Dor. You learn'd who the Women were?

Sir Fop. No matter; they frequent the Drawing-room.

Dor. And entertain themselves pleasantly at the Expence of all the Fops who come there.

Sir Fop. That's their Business; Faith I sifted 'em, and Find they have a sort of Wit among them—A Riltby.

[Pinches a Tallow Candle.

Dor. Look, he has been pinching the Tallow Candle.

Sir Fop. How can you breathe in a Room where there's Grease frying? *Dorimant*, thou art intimate with my Lady, advise her for her own sake, and the good Company that comes hither, to burn Wax Lights.

Har. What are these Masquerades who stand so Obsequiously at a distance?

Sir Fop. A Set of Balladins, whom I pick'd out of the Best in France, and brought over with a Flutes-deux Or two, my Servants; they shall entertain you.

Har. I had rather see you Dance your self, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. And I had rather do it—all the Company Knows it—but Madam—

Med. Come, come, no Excuses, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. By Heav'n, Medley.—

Med. Like a Woman, I find you must be struggl'd With, before one brings you to what you desire.

Har. Can he Dance? [Aside.]

Emil. And Fence and Sing too, if you will believe him.

Dor. He has no more Excellence in his Heels than in His Head. He went to Paris a plain bashful English Blockhead, and is return'd a fine undertaking French Fop.

Med. I cannot prevail.

Sir Fop. Donot think it want of Complaisance, Madam.

Har. You are too well bred to want that, Sir Fopling. believe it want of Power.

Sir Fop. By Heav'n's and so it is. I have sat up so
Damn'd

Damn'd late, and drunk so curst hard since I came to
This lewd Town, that I am fit for nothing but low
Dancing now, a Corant, a Borè, or a Minuët; but
St. André tells me, if I will but be regular, in one
Month I shall rise again. Pox on this Debauchery.

[*Endeavour at a Capri*

Emil. I have heard your Dancing much commended.

Sir Fop. It had the good Fortunes to please in Paris.
I was judg'd to rise within an Inch as high as the Basque
In an Entry I danc'd there.

Har. I am mightily taken with this Fool, let us sit:
Here's a Seat, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. At your Feet, Madam; I can be no where so
Much at Ease; by your leave, Gown.

Har. and Emil. Ah! you'll spoil it.

Sir Fop. No matter, my Clothes are my Creatures.
Make 'em to make my Court to you Ladies, Hey— [Dance]
Qu'on Comence, to an English Dancer English Motions.
I was forced to entertain this Fellow, one of my Set
Misarrying—Oh horrid! leave your damn'd manner
Of Dancing, and put on the French Air; have you not
Pattern before you—pretty well? Imitation in time
May bring him to something.

After the Dance, enter Old Bellair, Lady Woodvil, and
Lady Townley.

O. Bell. Hey a-dod! what have we here a mumming?

Wood. Where's my Daughter—Harriet?

Der. Here, here, Madam. I know not but under these
Disguises there may be dangerous Sparks; I gave the
Young Lady warning.

Wood. Lord! I am so oblig'd to you, Mr. Courtois.

Har. Lord! how you admire this Man.

Wood. What have you to except against him?

Har. He's a Fop.

Wood. He's not a *Derisive*, a wild extravagant Fellow
Of the Times.

Har. He's a Man made up of Forms and common
Places, suck'd out of the remaining Lees of the last Age.

Wood. He's so good a Man, that were you not
Engaged—

Town. You'll have but little Night to sleep in.
Wood. Lord! 'tis perfect Day—

Sir Fopling Flutter

67

Dor. The Hour is almost come, I appointed *Bellinda*, and I am not so foppishly in Love here to forget; [*Aside*.] am Flesh and-Blood yet.

Town. I am very sensible, Madam.

Wood. Lord, Madam!

Har. Look, in what a Struggle is my poor Mother, yonder *Y. Bell*. She has much ado to bring out the Compliment.

Dor. She strains hard for it.

Har. See, see! her Head tottering, her Eyes flaring, and her under Lip trembling —

Dor. Now, now she's in the very Convulsions of her Civility. [*Aside*.] S'dearth, I shall lose *Bellinda*; I must fright her hence! She'll be an Hour in this Fit of good manners else. [*To Lady Wood*.] Do you not know *Sir Fopling*, Madam?

Wood. I have seen that Face — Oh Heav'n! 'tis the same we met in the Mall, how came he here?

Dor. A Fiddle in this Town is a kind of a Fop-call; no sooner it strikes up, but the House is besieg'd with an Army of Masquerades straight.

Wood. Lord! I tremble, Mr. *Courtesy*, for certain *Swains* is in the Company.

Dor. I cannot confidently say he is not, you had best be gone. I will wait upon you; your Daughter is in the hands of Mr. *Bellaire*.

Wood. I'll see her before me. *Harriet*, come away.

Y. Bell. Lights! Lights!

Town. Light down there.

O. Bell. A-dod it needs not —

Dor. Call my Lady *Woodvil's* Coach to the Door quickly.

O. Bell. Stay, Mr. *Medley*, let the young Fellows do

that Duty; we will drink a Glass of Wine together. 'Tis good after Dancing; what mumming Spark is that?

Med. He is not to be comprehended in few Words.

Sir Fop. Hey! *La Tower*.

Med. Whither away, Sir *Fopling*?

Sir Fop. I have Business with *Courtesy* —

Med. He'll but put the Ladies into their Coach, and come up again.

O. Bell. In the mean time I'll call for a Bottle.

[*Ex. Old Bellaire*.]

*Enter Young Bellair.**Med.* Where's *Dorimant*?*Y. Bell.* Stolen home; he has had Business waiting for Him there all this Night, I believe by an Impatience I Observed in him.*Med.* Very likely, 'tis but dissembling Drunkenness, Railing at his Friends, and the kind Soul will embrace Blessings, and forget the tedious Expectation.*Sir Fop.* I must speak with him before I sleep.*Y. Bell.* *Emilia* and I are resolv'd on that Business.*Med.* Peace, here's your Father.*Enter Old Bellair, and Butler with a Bottle of Wine.**O. Bell.* The Women are all gone to Bed. Fill, Boys; *Mr. Medley*, begin a Health.*Med.* To *Emilia*.*O. Bell.* Out a pize! she's a Rogue, and I'll not Pledge you. [Whisper]*Med.* I know you will.*O. Bell.* A-dod, drink it then.*Sir Fop.* Let us have the new *Bachique*;*O. Bell.* A-dod, that is a hard Word; what does it Mean, Sir?*Med.* A Catch or drinking Song.*O. Bell.* Let us have it then.*Sir Fop.* Fill the Glasses round, and draw up in a Body. Hey! Musick!

They Sing.

THE Pleasures of Love, and the Joys of good Wine,
 To perfect our Happiness wisely we join.
 We sit Beauty all Day
 Give the Sovereign Spray,
 And her Favourite Nymphs devoutly obey.
 At the Plays we are constantly making our Court,
 And when they are ended we follow the Sport.
 To the Mall and the Park,
 Where we love 'till 'tis dark;
 Then sparkling Champaign
 Puts an end to their Raga;
 It quickly recovers
 Poor languishing Lovers,

Sir Fopling Flutter.

69

as frolick and gay, and drowns all our Sorrow,
alas! we relapse again on the Morrow.
My Man stand
his Glass in his Hand,
briskly discharge, as the Word of Command.
is a Health to all those
to Night we depose.
and Beauty by turns great Souls should inspire.
all together, and now Boys give Fire—

O. Bell. A-dod, a pretty Bus'ness, and very merry.
Sir Fop. Hark you, Medley, let you and I take the
lles, and go waken Dorimant.
Med. We shall do him a Courtesy, if it be as I guess.
after the Fatigue of this Night, he'll quickly have his
lly full, and be glad of an Occasion to cry, Take
my, Handy.
Y. Bell. I'll go with you, and there we'll consult about
airs, Medley.

O. Bell. *looks on his Watch.*] A-dod, 'tis fix a Clock.
Sir Fop. Let's away then.

O. Bell. Mr. Medley, my Sister tells me you are an
onest Man, and a-dod I love you. Few Words and
 hearty, that's the way with old Harry, old Harry.

Sir Fop. Light your Flambeaux. Hey.

O. Bell. What does the Man mean?

Med. 'Tis Day, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. No matter. Our Serenade will look the
reater.

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

SCENE II.

SCENE, Dorimant's Lodging, a Table, a Candle,
a Toilet, &c. Handy tying up Linen.

Enter Dorimant in his Gown, and Bellinda.

Dor. Why will you be gone so soon?

Bell. Why did you stay out so late?

Dor. Call a Chair, Handy; what makes you tremble so?

Bell. I have a thousand Fears about me: Have I not

been seen, think you?

Dor.

Dor. By no Body but my self and trusty *Handy*.

Bell. Where are all your People?

Dor. I have dispers'd 'em on sleeveless Errands. W
Does that Sigh mean?

Bell. Can you be so unkind to ask me?—well— [S
Were it to do again——

Dor. We should do it, should we not?

Bell. I think we should; the wickedest Man you to
Make me love so well—will you be discreet now?

Dor. I will——

Bell. You cannot.

Dor. Never doubt it.

Bell. I will not expect it.

Dor. You do me wrong.

Bell. You have no more Power to keep the Secret,
Than I had not to trust you with it.

Dor. By all the Joys I have had, and those you keep
Store——

Bell. You'll do for my sake what you never did before.

Dor. By that Truth thou hast spoken, a Wife shall
Sooner betray her self to her Husband——

Bell. Yet I had rather you should be false in this, than
In another thing you promis'd me.

Dor. What's that?

Bell. That you would never see *Loveit* more but in
Publick Places, in the Park, at Courts and Plays.

Dor. 'Tis not likely a Man should be fond of seeing
Damn'd old Play, when there's a new one acted.

Bell. I dare not trust your Promise.

Dor. You may——

Bell. This does not satisfy me. You shall swear you
Never will see her more.

Dor. I will! a thousand Oaths—— By all——

Bell. Hold—— you shall not, now I think on't better

Dor. I will swear——

Bell. I shall grow jealous of the Oath, and think I
Owe your Truth to that, not to your Love.

Dor. Then, by my Love, no other Oath I'll swear.

Enter Handy.

Handy. Here's a Chair.

Bell. Let me go.

Sir Fopling Flutter.

71

Dr. I cannot.

Bell. Too willingly, I fear.

Dr. Too unkindly fear'd. When will you promise again?

Bell. Not this Fortnight.

Dr. You will be better than your Word.

Bell. I think I shall. Will it not make you
are me less?

[Starting.

Dr. What Fiddles are these?

[Fiddles without.

Dr. Look out, Handy.

[Ex. Handy, and returns.

Handy. Mr. Medley, Mr. Bellair, and Sir Fopling,
they are coming up.

Dr. How got they in?

Handy. The Door was open for the Chair.

Bell. Lord! let me fly——

Dr. Here, here, down the back Stairs. I'll see you
to your Chair.

Bell. No, no, stay and receive 'em, and be sure you
keep your Word, and never see *Loveit* more. Let it be
Proof of your Kindness.

Dr. It shall——Handy, direct her. Everlasting

we go along with thee. [Kissing her Hand.

[Ex. Bellinda and Handy.

Enter Young Bellair, Medley, and Sir Fopling.

Y. Bell. Not a-Bed yet!

Med. You have had an irregular Bit, *Dorimant*.

Dr. I have.

Y. Bell. And is it off already?

Dr. Nature has done her part, Gentlemen; when she
is kindly to Work, great Cures are effected in little
time, you know.

Sir Fop. We thought there was a Wench in the Case
of the Chair that waited. Pr'ythee make us a Confidancé.

Dr. Excuse me.

Sir Fop. Le sage, *Dorimant*——was she pretty?

Dr. So pretty she may come to keep her Coach, and
Parish Duties, if the good Humour of the Age
continue

Med. And be of the number of the Ladies kept by
lick-spirited Men, for the good of the whole Town.

Sir Fop. Well said, *Medley*. [Sir Fop. dancing by himself.

Y. Bell.

72 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Y. Bell. See, *Sir Fopling* dancing.

Dor. You are practising, and have a mind to recover
I see.

Sir Fop. Pr'ythee, *Dorimant*, why hast not thou a Glass
Hung up here? A Room is the dullest thing without one.

Y. Bell. Here is Company to entertain you.

Sir Fop. But I mean in Case of being alone. In a
Glass a Man may entertain himself——

Dor. The Shadow of himself indeed.

Sir Fop. Correct the Errors of his Motions and his Dre

Med. I find, *Sir Fopling*, in your Solitude you remember
The saying of the Wise Man, and study your self.

Sir Fop. 'Tis the best Diversion in our Retirements.
Dorimant, thou art a pretty Fellow, and wear'st thy
Clothes well, but I never saw thee have a handsom
Cravat. Were they made up like mine, they'd give
Another Air to thy Face. Pr'ythee let me send my Man
To dress thee but one Day. By Heav'n's an English
Man cannot tie a Ribband.

Dor. They are something Clumsy-fitted——

Sir Fop. I have brought over the prettiest Fellow that
Ever spread a Toilet; he served some time under *Meril*
The greatest Genie in the World for a Valet de Chamb

Dor. What, he who formerly belong'd to the Duke
Of Candale?

Sir Fop. The same, and got him his Immortal Reputation

Dor. Y'ave a very fine *Brandenburg* on, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. It serves to wrap me up, after the Fatigue
A Ball.

Med. I see you often in it, with your Periwig ty'd

Sir Fop. We should not always be in a set Dress, 'tis
More en Cavalier to appear now and then in a Dishabit

Med. Pray how goes your Business with *Loveis*?

Sir Fop. You might have answer'd your self in the
Last Night. *Dorimant*! did you not see the Advance
She made me? I have been endeavouring at a Song.

Dor. Already?

Sir Fop. 'Tis my Coup'd Essay in English; I would
Fain have thy Opinion of it.

Dor. Let's see it.

Sir Fop. Hey Page, give me my Song—— *Bellair*,

Sir Fopling Flutter.

Now, thou hast a pretty Voice, sing it.

Y. Bell. Sing it your self, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. Excuse me.

Y. Bell. You learnt to Sing in Paris.

Sir Fop. I did, of Lambert the greatest Master in the world; but I have his own Fault, a weak Voice, and am not to sing out of a Ruel.

Dev. A Ruel is a pretty Cage for a singing Fop, indeed.

Young Bellair reads the Song.

HOW charming Phillis is! how Fair!

As that she were as willing,

To ease my wounded Heart of Care,

And make her Eyes less killing.

O! I sigh! I languish now,

And Love will not let me rest,

How about the Park, and Bow

Still as I meet my Dearest.

Sir Fop. Sing it, sing it, Man, it goes to a pretty new

one, which I am confident was made by Baptiste.

Med. Sing it your self, Sir Fopling, he does not know

the Tune.

Sir Fop. I'll venture.

[Sir Fopling sings.]

Dev. Ay marry, now 'tis something. I shall not

enter you, Sir Fopling, there is not much Thought in't,

'tis passionate, and well turn'd.

Med. After the French way.

Sir Fop. That I aim'd at — does it not give you a

very Image of the thing? Slap down goes the Glass,

and thus we are at it.

Dev. It does indeed: I perceive, Sir Fopling, you'll

be the very Head of the Sparks, who are lucky in

compositions of this Nature.

Enter Sir Fopling's Footman.

Sir Fop. La Tenue, is the Bath ready?

Foot. Yes, Sir.

Sir Fop. Adieu don Mes cheres.

[Ex. Sir Fopling.]

Med. When have you your Revenge on Levis,

himself?

Dev. I will but change my Linen, and about it.

Med. The powerful Considerations which hinder'd

me been remov'd then.

D

Dev.

74 *The Men of Mode; or,*

Dor. Most luckily this Morning; you must along with Me, my Reputation lies at stake there.

Mad. I am engaged to *Bellaire*.

Dor. What's your Business?

Mad. Ma-cri-mony, an's like you.

Dor. It does not, Sir.

Y. Bell. It may in time, *Dorinant*; what think you of *Mrs. Harriet*?

Dor. What does she think of me?

Y. Bell. I am Confident she loves you.

Dor. How does it appear?

Y. Bell. Why, she's never well but when she's talking Of you, but then she finds all the Faults in you she can. She laughs at all who commend you, but then she speaks Ill of all who do not.

Dor. Women of her Temper betray themselves by Their over Cunning. I had once a growing Love with A Lady, who would always quarrel with me when I Came to see her, and yet was never quiet if I stay'd a Day from her.

Y. Bell. My Father is in Love with *Emilia*.

Dor. That is a good Warrant for your Proceedings, Go on and prosper, I must to *Loveit*. *Madley*, I am Sorry you cannot be a Witness.

Mad. Make her meet Sir *Fopling* again in the same Place, and use him ill before me.

Dor. That may be brought about, I think. I'll be At your Aunt's anon, and give you Joy, Mr. *Bellaire*.

Y. Bell. You had not best think of *Mrs. Harriet* too Much, without Church Security there's no taking up there.

Dor. I may fall into the snare too. But—

The Wife will find a difference in our Fate,

You wed a Woman, I a good Estate.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III.

Enter the Chair with Bellinda, the Men see it down and open it. Bellinda starting.

Bell. surpris'd. Lord! where am I? in the Mall! Whither have you brought me?

Chair-m. You gave us no Directions, Madam.

Bell. The fright I was in made me forget it. [*Alid*]

Chair-m.

Sir Fopling Flutter.

95

Chair-m. We are to carry a Lady from the Square's
Hither.

Bell. This is *Loved*, I am undone if she sees me. [*Aside.*
Quickly carry me away.

Chair-m. Whither, sir? like your Honour?

Bell. Ask no Questions.——

Enter Loveit's Footman.

Footm. Have you seen my Lady, Madam?

Bell. I am just come to wait upon her.——

Footm. She will be glad to see you, Madam. She sent
me to you this Morning to desire your Company,
and I was told you went out by Five a Clock.

Bell. More and more unlucky!

[*Aside.*

Footm. Will you walk in, Madam?

Bell. I'll discharge my Chair and follow. [*Ex. Footm.*

Tell your Mistress I am here! [*Gives the Chair-men Money.*

Take this, and if ever you should be examin'd, be sure

you say, you took me up in the Strand over against the

Exchange, as you will answer it to Mr. Derimant.

Chair-men. We will, sir, like your Honour. [*Ex. Chair-m.*

Bell. Now to come off, I must on——

In Confidence and Love some hope is left;

'Tis hard to be found out in the first Theft.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Loveit, and her Woman.

W. WELL! in my Eyes Sir Fopling is no such
Despicable Person.

Mrs. You are an excellent Judge.

W. He's as handsome a Man as Mr. Derimant, and as

Galant.

Mrs. Intolerable! isn't enough I submit to his

pertinencies, but I must be plagu'd with yours too?

W. Indeed, Madam——

Mrs. 'Tis false, mercenary Malice——

Enter her Footman.

W. Mrs. Bellinda, Madam——

Mrs. What of her?

W. She's below.

Mrs. How came she?

D 2

Footm.

76 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Feste. In a Chair, smiling *Harry* brought her.]

Lev. He bring her! His Chair stands near *Dorimant's* Door, and always brings me from thence——Run and Ask him where he took her up; go, there is no Truth in Friendship neither. Women as well as Men, all are False, or all are so to me at least.

Pert. You are jealous of her too?

Lev. You had best tell her I am. 'Twill become the Liberty you take of late. This Fellow's bringing of her, Her going out by Five a Clock——I know not what to Think.

Enter Bellinda.

Bellinda, you are grown an early Riser, I hear.

Bell. Do you not wonder, my Dear, what made me Abroad so soon?

Lev. You do not use to be so.

Bell. The Country Gentlewomen I told you of (Lord! they have the oddest Diversions!) would never Let me rest 'till I promis'd to go with them to the Market This Morning, to eat Fruit and buy Nosegays.

Lev. Are they so fond of a filthy Nosegay?

Bell. They complain of the Stinks of the Town, and Are never well but when they have their Noses in one.

Lev. There are Essences and sweet Waters.

Bell. O they cry out upon Perfumes, they are Unwholesome, one of 'em was falling into a Fit with the Smell of these *Naroli's*.

Lev. Methinks in Complaisance you should have had a Nosegay too.

Bell. Do you think, my Dear, I cou'd be so loathsome? Trick my self up with Carnations and Stock-Gillyflowers. I begg'd their Pardon, and told them I never wore any Thing but Orange-Flowers and Tuberosc. That which Made me willing to go was a strange Desire I had to eat Some fresh *Nectarins*.

Lev. And had you any?

Bell. The best I ever tasted.

Lev. Whence came you now?

Bell. From their Lodgings, where I crowded out of Coach, and took a Chair to come and see you, my Dear.

Lev. Whither did you send for that Chair?

Bell. 'Twas going by empty.

Sir Fopling Flutter.

77

Leo. Where do these Country Gentlewomen Lodge, I pray?

Bell. In the Strand, over-against the Exchange.

Pert. That Place is never without a Nest of 'em, They are always as one goes by clearing in Balconies, or Staring out of Windows.

Enter Footman.

Leo. [To the Footm.] Come hither.

[Whisper.]

Bell. [Aside.] This Fellow, by her Order, has been Questioning the Chair-men; I threaten'd 'em with the Name of Dorimant, if they should have told Truth I am lost for ever.

Leo. In the Strand, said you?

Footm. Yes, Madam, over-against the Exchange.

[Exit Footman.]

Leo. She's innocent, and I am much to blame.

Bell. [Aside.] I am so frightened, my Countenance will betray me.

Leo. Bellinda! what makes you look so pale?

Bell. Want of my usual Rest, and jolting up and down so long in an odious Hackney.

[Footman returns.]

Footm. Madam! Mr. Dorimant!

Leo. What makes him here?

Bell. [Aside.] Then I am betray'd indeed, h'as broke his Word, and I love a Man that does not care for me.

Leo. Lord! you faint, Bellinda.

Bell. I think I shall! such an Oppression here on the sudden.

Pert. She has eaten too much Fruit, I warrant you.

Leo. Not unlikely!

Pert. 'Tis that lies heavy on her Stomach.

Leo. Have her into my Chamber, give her some sweet Water, and let her lie down a little.

Pert. Come, Madam, I was a strange Devourer of Fruit when I was so young, so Ravenous——

[Exit Bellinda, and Pert leading her off.]

Leo. Oh that my Love would be but calm a while! that I might receive this Man with all the Scorn and Ignominy he deserves.

Enter Dorimant.

Dr. Now for a Touch of Sir Fopling to begin with.

98 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Hey—Page—Give positive Order that none of
My People stir—Let the Canaille wait as they should
Do—since Noise and Nonsense have such powerful
Charms.

I, that I may successful prove,

Transform my self to what you love.

Lov. If that would do, you need not change from
What you are, you can be vain and loud enough.

Dor. But not with so good a Grace as *Sir Dapling*.

*Hey, Hampshire—*Oh—that Sound, that Sound
Becomes the Mouth of a Man of Quality.

Lov. Is there a thing so hateful as a senseless Mimick?

Dor. He's a great Grievance indeed to all who like
Your self, Madam, love to play the Fool in quiet.

Lov. A ridiculous Animal, who has more of the Ape
Than the Ape has of the Man in him.

Dor. I have as mean an Opinion of a Sheer Mimick
As your self, yet were he all Ape I should prefer him to
The Gay, the Giddy, Brisk, Insipid, Noisy Fool you
Dote on.

Lov. Those noisy Fools, however you despise 'em,
Have good Qualities, which weigh more (or ought at
Least) with us Women, than all the pernicious Wit you
Have to boast of.

Dor. That I may hereafter have a just value for their
Merit, pray do me the Favour to name 'em.

Lov. You'll despise 'em as the dull Effects of Ignorance
And Vanity, yet I care not if I mention some. First,
They really admire us, while you at best but flatter us
Well.

Dor. Take heed! Fools can dissimble too—

Lov. They may, but not so artfully as you—
There is no fear they should deceive us: Then they are
Assiduous, Sir, they are ever offering us their Service,
And always waiting on our Will.

Dor. You owe that to their excessive Idleness, they
Know not how to entertain themselves at home, and
Find so little welcome abroad, they are fain to fly to you
Who Countenance 'em, as a Refuge against the Solitude
They would be otherwise condemn'd to.

Lov. Their Conversation too diverts us better.

Sir Fopling Flutter

79

Dr. Playing with your Fan, smelling to your Glove, Commending your Gown, and taking notice how 'tis cut And shaded after the new way. —

Lev. Were it filier than you can make it, you must Allow 'em pleaster to laugh at other, than to be laugh'd At our selves, though never so wittily. Then though They want skill to flatter us, they flatter themselves so Well, they save us the Labour; we need not take that Care and Pains to satisfy 'em of our Love, which we So often lose on you.

Dr. They commonly indeed believe too well of Themselves, and always better of you than you deserve.

Lev. You are in the right, they have an implicit Faith In us which keeps 'em from prying narrowly into our Secrets, and saves us the Vexatious Trouble of clearing Doubts, which your subtle and crafty Jealousies every Moment raise.

Dr. There is an inbred Falshood in Women, which Inclines 'em still to them whom they may most easily Deceive.

Lev. The Man who loves above his Quality, does not Suffer more from the insolent Impertinence of his Mistress, Than the Woman who loves above her Understanding, Does from the arrogant Presumptions of her Friend.

Dr. You mistake the use of Fools, they are design'd For Properties and not for Friends; you have an Indifferent stock of Reputation left yet. Lose it all like A Frank Gambler on the Square, 'twill then be time Enough to turn Back, and cheat it up again on a good Substantial Bubble.

Lev. The old and the ill-favour'd are only fit for Properties indeed, but young and handsome Fools have Met with kinder Fortunes.

Dr. They have, so the Shame of your Sex be it Spoken; 'twas this, the thought of this, made me, by a timely Jealousy, endeavour to prevent the good Fortune you are providing for Sir Fopling — But 'gainst a Woman's Fidelity all our Care is vain.

Lev. Had I not with a dear Experience bought the Knowledge of your Falshood, you might have fool'd me Yet. This is not the first Jealousy you have feign'd

To make a Quarrel with me, and get a Week to throw Away on some unknown inconsiderable Slut, as you Have been lately lurking with at Plays.

Dor. Women, when they would break off with a Man, never want th^e Address to turn the Fault on him.

Lev. You take a Pride of late in using of me ill, that The Town may know the Power you have over me. Which now (as unreasonably as your self) expects that I (do me all the Injuries you can) must love you still.

Dor. I am so far from expecting that you should, I Begin to think you never did love me.

Lev. Wou'd the Memory of it were so wholly worn Out in me that I did doubt it too; what made you Come to disturb my growing Quiet?

Dor. To give you joy of your growing Infamy.

Lev. Insupportable! insulting Devil! this from you, The only Author of my Shame! this from another had Been but Justice, but from you 'tis a Hellish and Inhuman Outrage. What have I done?

Dor. A thing that puts you below my Scorn, and Makes my Anger as ridiculous as you have made my Love.

Lev. I walk'd last Night with Sir Fopling.

Dor. You did, Madam, and you talk'd and laugh'd Aloud; ha, ha, ha. — Oh that Laugh, that Laugh Becomes the Confidence of a Woman of Quality.

Lev. You, who have more Pleasure in the Ruin of Woman's Reputation, than in the Endearments of her Love, reproach me not with your self, and I defy you To name the Man can lay a Blemish on my Fame.

Dor. To be seen publickly so transported with the Vain Follies of that notorious Fop, to me is an Infamy Below the Sin of Prostitution with another Man.

Lev. Rail on, I am satisfied in the Justice of what I Did, you had provok'd me to't.

Dor. What I did was the Effect of a Passion, whose Extravagancies you have been willing to forgive.

Lev. And what I did was the Effect of a Passion you May forgive if you think fit.

Dor. Are you so indifferent grown?

Lev. I am.

Sir Fopling Flatterer 823

Dor. Nay! then 'tis time to part. I'll send you back Your Letters you have so often ask'd for: I have two or Three of 'em about me.

Lov. Give 'em me.

Dor. You snatch as if you thought I would not— There— And may the Perjuries in 'em be mine, if e'er I see you more.

Lov. Stay! [Offers to go, she catches him]

Dor. I will not.

Lov. You shall.

Dor. What have you to say?

Lov. I cannot speak it yet.

Dor. Something more in Commendation of the Fool's Death! I want Patience; let me go.

Lov. I cannot. I can sooner part with the Limbs That hold him. [Aside.] I hate that nauseous Fool, you know I do.

Dor. Was it the Scandal you were fond of then?

Lov. Y'had rais'd my Anger equal to my Love, a Thing you ne'er could do before; and in Revenge I Did—I know not what I did:—Wou'd you would Not think on't any more.

Dor. Should I be willing to forget it, I shall be daily Mistaken of it; 'twill be a Common place for all the Town To laugh at me; and *Medley*, when he is rhetorically Drunk, will ever be declaiming on it in my Ears.

Lov. 'Twill be believ'd a jealous Spite! Come, Forget it.

Dor. Let me consult my Reputation; you are too Careless of it. [Pauses.] You shall meet Sir Fopling in The Mall again To night.

Lov. What mean you?

Dor. I have thought on't, and you must; 'tis Necessary to justify my Love to the World: You can Handle a Corcomb as he deserves, when you are not out Of Humour. Madam

Lov. Publick Satisfaction for the Wrong I have done You! This is some new Device to make me more Ridiculous.

Dor. Hear me.

Lov. I will not.

326 *The Trials of Affection; or,*

Dor. You will be persuaded? *Enter Bellinda and Pert.*

Dor. Are you so obstinate?

Leo. Are you so base?

Dor. You will not satisfy my Love?

Leo. I would die to satisfy you; but I will not, to Save you from a thousand Racks, do a shameful thing to Please your Vanity.

Dor. Farewel, false Woman.

Leo. Do! go!

Dor. You will call me back again?

Leo. Exquisite Fiend! I knew you came but to Torment me.

Enter Bellinda and Pert.

Dor. [Surpriz'd.] Bellinda here!

Bell. [Aside.] He starts, and looks pale! the Sight of me Has touch'd his guilty Soul.

Pert. 'Twas but a Quagmire as I said, a little Indigestion; The Surfeit-Water did it, Madam, mix'd with a little Mirabills.

Dor. I am confounded, and cannot guess how she Came hither!

Leo. 'Tis your Fortune, Bellinda, ever to be here, When I am shud'd by this Presigy of Ill-nature.

Bell. I am amaz'd to find him here! How has he the Face to come near you?

Dor. [Aside.] Here is fine Work towards! Enever was at Such a Loss before.

Bell. One who makes a publick Profession of Breach Of Faith and Ingratitude! I loath the Sight of him.

Dor. There is no Remedy; I must submit to their Tongues now, and some other time bring my self off as Well as I can.

Bell. Other Men are wicked; but then they have some Sense of Shame: He is never well but when he triumphs, Nay, glories to a Woman's Face in his Villanies.

Leo. You are in the right, Bellinda; but methinks your Kindness for me makes you concern your self too much With him.

Bell. It does indeed, my Dear; his barbarous Carriage To you Yesterday made me hope you ne'er would see him.

Him more, and the very next Day to find him here Again, provokes me strangely; But, because I know you Love him, I have done.

Dor. You have reproach'd me handsomely, and I Deserve it for coming hither, but——

Pert. You must expect it, Sir; all Women will hate You for my Lady's sake.

Dor. Nay, if she begins too, 'tis Time to fly; I shall Be scolded to Death else. [*Aside to Bellinda.*
I am to blame in some Circumstances, I confess; but as To the Main, I am not so guilty as you imagine. I Shall seek a more convenient Time to clear my self.

Lev. Do it now! what Impediments are here?

Dor. I want Time, and you want Temper.

Lev. These are weak Pretences!

Dor. You were never more mistaken in your Life; And so farewell. [*Dorimant sings off.*

Lev. Call a Footman, *Pert.* quickly; I will have him Dogg'd.

Pert. I wish you would not for my Quiet and your own.

Lev. I'll find out the infamous Cause of all our Quarrels, pluck her Mask off, and expose her bare-fac'd To the World.

Bell. Let me but escape this Time, [*Aside.*
I'll never venture more.

Lev. Bellinda! you shall go with me.

Bell. I have such a Heav'nly hang on me with what I did this Morning, I would fain go home and sleep, My Dear.

Lev. Death and eternal Darkness! I shall never sleep Again, Raging Fevers seize the World, and make Mankind as restless all as I am. [*Exit Lovett.*

Bell. I knew him false, and help'd to make him so: Was not her Ruin enough to fright me from the Danger? It should have been; but Love can take no Warning.

[*Exit Bellinda.*

SCENE II. Lady Townley's House.

Enter Medley, Young Bellis, Lady Townley, Emilia, and Chaplain.

Med. Bear up, *Bellis*, and do not let us see that Repentance

The Man of Mode; or,

Repentance in this, we daily do in marry'd Faces.

Town. This Wedding will strangely surprize my Brother when he knows it.

Mad. Your Nephew ought to conceal it for a time; Madam, since Marriage has lost its good Name; prudent Men seldom expose their own Reputations, till 'tis Convenient to justify their Wives.

O. Bell. [*Without.*] Where are you all there? Out a-dod will Nobody hear?

Town. My Brother! quickly, Mr. *Smirk*, into this Closet, you must not be seen yet. [*Goes into the Closet*]

Enter Old Bellair and Lady Townley's Page.

O. Bell. Desire Mr. *Furb* to walk into the lower Parlour. I will be with him presently——Where have You been, Sir, you could not wait on me To-day?

[*To Young Bellair*]

Y. Bell. About a Business.

O. Bell. Are you so good at Business? A-dod I have. A Business too you shall dispatch out of hand, Sir. Send for a Parson, Sister; my Lady *Woodvil* and her Daughter are coming.

Town. What need you huddle up things thus?

O. Bell. Out a pize; Youth is apt to play the Fool, And 'tis not good it should be in their Power.

Town. You need not fear your Son.

O. Bell. H'has been idling this Morning; and a-dod I Do not like him. How dost thou do, Sweetheart?

[*To Emily*]

Emil. You are very severe, Sir; married in such haste.

O. Bell. Go to, thou'rt a Rogue, and I will talk With thee anon. Here's my Lady *Woodvil* come.

Enter Lady Woodvil, Harriet, and Bussy.

Welcome, Madam; Mr. *Furb*'s below with the Writing

Wood. Let us down, and make an end then.

O. Bell. Sister, shew the Way.

[*To Young Bellair, who is talking to Harriet*]

Harri. Your Business lies not there yet: Excuse hm till We have done, Lady; and then a-dod he shall be for

There, Mr. *Madley*, we must trouble you to be a Witne

Mad. I luckily came for that Purpose, Sir.

[*Ex. Old Bell. Med. Young Bell. Lady Town. and L. Wood*]

Sir Fopling Flutter

35

Busy. What will you do, Madam?

Har. Be carried back, and mew'd up in the Country Again; run away here; any thing rather than be marry'd To a Man I do not care for——Dear *Emilia*, do thou Advise me.

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* is engag'd, you know.

Har. I do; but know not what the Fear of losing an Estate may fright him to.

Emil. In the desp'rate Condition you are in, you Should consult with some judicious Man: What think You of Mr. *Dorimant*?

Har. I do not think of him at all.

Busy. She thinks of nothing else, I am sure——

Emil. How fond your Mother was of Mr. *Courtesy*!

Har. Because I contriv'd the Mistake to make a little Mirth, you believe I like the Man.

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* believes you love him.

Har. Men are seldom in the right when they guess At a Woman's Mind: Wou'd she whom he loves lov'd Him no better.

Busy. [*Aside.*] That's e'en well enough on all Conscience.

Emil. Mr. *Dorimant* has a great deal of Wit.

Har. And takes a great deal of Pains to shew it.

Emil. He's extremely well fashion'd.

Har. Affectedly grave, or ridiculously wild and spiteful.

Busy. You defend him still against your Mother.

Har. I would not, were he justly rallied; but I cannot Hear any one undeservedly rail'd at.

Emil. Has your Woman learnt the Song you were So taken with?

Har. I was fond of a new thing; 'tis dull at second Hearing.

Emil. Mr. *Dorimant* made it.

Busy. She knows it, Madam; and has made me sing it At least a dozen times this Morning.

Har. Thy Tongue is as impertinent as thy Fingers.

Emil. You have provok'd her.

Busy. 'Tis but singing the Song, and I shall appease her.

Emil. Prithce do.

Har. She has a Voice will grate your Ears worse than

A C

86 *The Man of Mode; or,*

A Cat-call, and dresses shall she's scarce fit to trick up a
Yeoman's Daughter on a Holy-day. [Buffy sings,

Song by Sir G. S.

AS Amoret with Phillis sat
One Evening on the Plain,
And saw the charming Strephon come
To tell the Nymph his Pain:

The threatening Danger to remove
She whisper'd in her Ear,
Ah, Phillis, if you would not love,
This Shepherd do not hear.

None ever had so strange an Art,
His Passion to convey
Into a listning Virgin's Heart,
And steal her Soul away.

Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your Fate,
In vain, said she, in vain I strive,
Alas! 'tis now too late.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Music so softens and disorders the Mind,
Har. That not one Arrow does Resistance find.

Dor. Let us make use of the lucky Minute then.

Har. [Aside, turning from Dorimant.] My Love springs
With my Blood into my Face, I dare not look upon
Him yet.

Dor. What have we here, the Picture of celebrated
Beauty, giving Audience in Publick to a dash'd Lover?

Har. Play the dying Fop, and make the Piece
Complete, Sir.

Dor. What think you if the Hint were well improv'd
The whole Mystery of making Love pleasantly design'd,
And wrought in a Suit of Hangings?

Har. 'Twere needless to execute Fools in Effigy, who
Suffer daily in their own Persons.

Dor. [To Emilia &c.] Mrs. Bride, for such I know this
Happy Day has made you—

Emil. Deferr the formal Joy you are to give me, and
Mind your Business with her. — [Aloud.] Here are
Dreadful Preparations, Mr. Deiman, Writings sealing,
And a Person, sent for—

Dor. To marry this Lady?—

Busf. Condemn'd she is, and what will become of her
know not, without you generously engage in a Rescue.

Dor. In this sad Condition, Madam, I can do no less
than offer you my Service.

Har. The Obligation is not great; you are the common
and easy for all young Women who run from their
relations.

Dor. I have always my Arms open to receive the
Distress'd: But I will open my Heart and receive you,
Where none yet did ever enter— You have fill'd it
With a Secret, might I but let you know it—

Har. Do not speak it, if you would have me believe it;
your Tongue is so fam'd for Falshood, 'twill do the
truth an Injury. [Turns away her Head.]

Dor. Turn not away then; but look on me and guess it:

Har. Did you not tell me there was no Credit to be
given to Faces? that Women now-a-days have their Passions
as much at will as they have their Complexions, and put on
Joy and Sadness, Scorn and Kindness, with the same Ease
they do their Paint and Patches—Are they the only
counterfeits?

Dor. You wrong your own, while you suspect my
eyes: By all the Hope I have in you, the inimitable
colour in your Cheeks is not more free from Art, than
the Signs I offer.

Har. In Men who have been long harden'd in Sin, we
have Reason to mistrust the first Signs of Repentance.

Dor. The Prospect of such a Heaven will make me
severe, and give you Marks that are infallible.

Har. What are those?

Dor. I will renounce all the joys I have in Friendship
and in Wine, sacrifice to you all the Interest I have in
other Women—

Har. Hold—though I wish you devout, I would

Not

22 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Not have you turn Fanstick— Could you neglect These a while, and make a Journey into the Country?

Dor. To be with you I could live there, and never Send one Thought to *London*.

Har. Whate'er you say, I know all beyond *High-Parl's* A Desert to you, and that no Galantry can draw you Farther.

Dor. That has been the utmost Limit of my Love— But now my Passion knows no Bounds, and there's no Measure to be taken of what I'll do for you from any Thing I ever did before.

Har. When I hear you talk thus in *Hampshire*, I shall Begin to think there may be some Truth enlarg'd upon.

Dor. Is this all— Will you not promise me—

Har. I hate to promise! What we do then is expected From us, and wants much of the Welcome it finds, when It surprizes.

Dor. May I not hope?

Har. That depends on you, and not on me; and 'tis To no purpose to forbid it. [*Turns to Busy.*]

Busy. Faith, Madam, now I perceive the Gentleman Loves you too, e'en let him know your Mind, and Torment your selves no longer.

Har. Dost think I have no Sense of Modesty?

Busy. Think, if you lose this you may never have Another Opportunity.

Har. May he hate me, (a Curse that frights me when I speak it!) if ever I do a thing against the Rules of Decency and Honour.

Dor. [*To Emil.*] I am beholden to you for your good Intentions, Madam.

Emil. I thought the concealing of our Marriage from Her might have done you better Service.

Dor. Try her again—

Emil. What have you resolv'd, Madam? The Time draws near.

Har. To be obstinate, and protest against this Marriage

Enter Lady Townley in haste.

Town. [*To Emil.*] Quickly, quickly, let Mr. Smirk out Of the Closet. [*Smirk comes out of the Closet.*]

Har. A Parson! had you hid him in here?

Sir Fopling Flutter.

Dor. I knew nothing of him.

Har. Should it appear you did, your Opinion of my Business may cost you dear.

Enter Old Bellair, Young Bellair, Medley and Lady Woodvil.

O. Bell. Out a pize! the Canonical Hour is almost Past; Sister, is the Man of God come?

Town. He waits your leisure —

O. Bell. By your Favour, Sir. A-dod, a pretty spruce Fellow! what may we call him?

Town. Mr. Smirk, my Lady Biggot's Chaplain.

O. Bell. A wise Woman! a-dod she is. The Man Will serve for the Flesh as well as the Spirit. Please You, Sir, to Commission a young Couple to go to Bed Together a God's Name? — *Harry.*

Y. Bell. Here, Sir —

O. Bell. Out a pize, without your Mistress in your Hand?

Smirk. Is this the Gentleman?

O. Bell. Yes, Sir.

Smirk. Are you not mistaken, Sir?

O. Bell. A-dod, I think not, Sir.

Smirk. Sure you are, Sir.

O. Bell. You look as if you wou'd forbid the Banes,

Mr. Smirk, I hope you have no Pretension to the Lady.

Smirk. With him Joy, Sir! I have done him the good Office to Day already.

O. Bell. Out a pize, what do I hear?

Town. Never storm, Brother, the Truth is out.

O. Bell. How say you, Sir! is this your Wedding-Day?

Y. Bell. It is, Sir.

O. Bell. And a-dod it shall be mine too; give me Thy Hand, Sweet-heart,

[*To Emilia.*]

What dost thou mean? Give me thy Hand, I say.

[*Emilia kneels, and Young Bellair.*]

Town. Come, come, give her your Blessing, this is The Woman your Son lov'd and is marry'd to.

O. Bell. Ha! cheated! cozen'd! and by your Contrivance, Sister!

Town. What would you do with her? She's a Rogue, and you can't abide her.

Med. Shall I hit her a-pat for you, Sir?

O. Bell. A-dod you are all Rogues, and I never will forgive you.

Town.

The Man of Mode; or,

Toss. Whither! whisker, away!

Mod. Let him go and cool a while.

Wood. to Dor. Here's a Business broke out now,

Mr. Courtage. I am made a fine Fool of.

Dor. You see the old Gentleman knows nothing of it.

Wood. I find he did not. I shall have some Trick put

Upon me if I stay in this wicked Town any longer.

Harriet! dear Child! where art thou? I'll into the Country straight.

O. Bell. A-dod, Madam, you shall hear me first. —

Enter Lovett and Bellinda.

Lov. Hither my Man dogg'd him. —

Bell. Wonder he stands, my Dear.

Lov. I see him. —

And with the Face that has undone me! Oh that I were

But where I might throw out the Anguish of my Heart

Here it must rage within, and break it.

Town. Mrs. Lovett! are you afraid to come forward?

Lov. I was amaz'd to see so much Company here in Morning, the Occasion sure is extraordinary. —

Dor. aside. Lovett and Bellinda! the Devil owes me a Shame to Day, and I think never will have done paying

Lov. Marry'd! dear Emilia! how am I transported With the News?

Har. to Dor. I little thought Emilia was the Woman Mr. Bellair was in Love with — I'll chide her for not

Trusting me with the Secret.

Dor. How do you like Mrs. Lovett?

Har. She's a fam'd Mistress of yours, I hear —

Dor. She has been on Occasion.

O. Bell. A-dod, Madam, I cannot help it.

Wood. You need make no more Apologies, Sir. [To Lady Woodvil]

Essil. to Lov. The old Gentleman's excusing himself To my Lady Woodvil.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! I never heard of any thing so Pleasant.

Har. She's extremely over-joy'd at something. [To Dor]

Dor. At nothing; she is one of those hoyting Ladies Who gaily sling themselves about, and force a Laugh, When their aking Hearts are full of Discontent and Malice

Sir Fopling Flatterer

93

Low. Oh Heav'n! I was never so near killing my self
With Laughing — Mr. Dorimant, are you a Christian?

Wood. Mr. Dorimant! is this Mr. Dorimant, Madam?

Low. If you doubt it, your Daughter can resolve you,
I suppose.

Wood. I am cheated too, basely cheated.

O. Will. Out a piece, what's here more Knavery yet?

Wood. Harriet! on my Blessing come away I charge
You.

Har. Dear Mother, do but stay and hear me.

Wood. I am betray'd, and thou art undone, I fear.

Har. Do not fear it — I have not, nor never will do
Any thing against my Duty — believe me, dear Mother do!

Dor. to Low. I had trusted you with this Secret, but that
I knew the Violence of your Nature would ruin my Fortune,
is now unluckily it has: I thank you, Madam.

Low. She's an Heiress I know, and very Rich.

Dor. To satisfy you, I must give up my Interest wholly
To my Love; had you been a reasonable Woman, I
might have secur'd 'em both, and been happy —

Low. You might have trusted me with any thing of
this kind, you know you might. Why did you go
Under a wrong Name?

Dor. The Story is too long to tell you now, be
satisfy'd, this is the Business; this is the Mask has kept
me from you.

Bell. He's tender of my Honour, though he's — [Aside]
Crud to my Love.

Low. Was it no idle Mistress then?

Dor. Believe me, a Wife, to repair the Ruins of my
State that needs it.

Low. The Knowledge of this makes my Grief hang
lighter on my Soul; but I shall never more be happy.

Dor. Bellinda.

Bell. Do not think of clearing your self with me, it is
impossible — Do all Men break their Words thus?

Dor. Th' extravagant Words they speak in Love; 'tis
unreasonable to expect we should perform all we
promise then, as do all we threaten when we are
angry — when I see you next.

Bell. Take no notice of me, and I shall not hate you.

Dor.

92 *The Man of Mode; or,*

Dor. How came you to Mrs. Levelin?

Bell. By a Mistake the Chair-men made for want of My giving them Directions.

Dor. 'Twas a pleasant one. We must meet again.

Bell. Never.

Dor. Never!

Bell. When we do, may I be as infamous as you are False.

Town. Men of Mr. Dorimant's Character always suffer In the general Opinion of the World.

Med. You can make no Judgment of a witty Man from Common Fame, considering the prevailing Faction, Madam.

O. Bell. A-dod he's in the right.

Med. Besides 'tis a common Error among Women, to Believe too well of them they know, and too ill of them They don't.

O. Bell. A-dod he observes well.

Town. Believe me, Madam, you will find Mr. Dorimant As civil a Gentleman as you thought Mr. Courtoise.

Har. If you would but know him better —

Wood. You have a mind to know him better; come Away — You shall never see him more. —

Har. Dear Mother, stay —

Wood. I wo't be consenting to your Ruin. —

Har. Were my Fortune in your Power —

Wood. Your Person is.

Har. Could I be Disobedient I might take it out of Yours and put it into his.

Wood. 'Tis that you would be at, you would marry This Dorimant.

Har. I cannot deny it; I would and never will Marry any other Man.

Wood. Is this the Duty that you promis'd?

Har. But I will never Marry him against your Will —

Wood. She knows the way to melt my Heart. [Aside]
Upon your self light your Undoing. [To Harri]

Med. to O. Bell. Come, Sir, you have not the Heart Any longer to refuse your Blessing.

O. Bell. A-dod I ha' not — Rule and God bless you Both.

Sir Fopling Flutter.

23

Both — Make much of her, *Harry*, she deserves thy Kindness — A-dod, *Sirrah*, I did not think it had been
[To *Emilia*]

Enter Sir Fopling and his Page.

Sir Fop. 'Tis a damn'd windy Day; hey, *Page*?
my *Periwig* right?

Page. A little out of order, *Sir*.

Sir Fop. Pox o' this Apartment, it wants an Anti-
Chamber to adjust ones self in. Madam, I came from
[To *Loveit*]

Your House, and your Servants directed me hither.

Love. I will give Order hereafter they shall direct you
better.

Sir Fop. The great Satisfaction I had in the Mall last
Night has given me much Disquiet since.

Love. 'Tis likely to give me more than I desire.

Sir Fop. What the Devil makes her so reserv'd?
am I guilty of an Indiscretion, Madam?

Love. You will be of a great one, if you continue your
Mistake, *Sir*.

Sir Fop. Something puts you out of Humour.

Love. The most foolish inconsiderable thing that ever
Did.

Sir Fop. Is it in my Power?

Love. To hang or drown it; do one of 'em, and
trouble me no more.

Sir Fop. So here *Serviteur*, Madam — *Medley*!
Where's *Dorimant*?

Med. Methinks the Lady has not made you those
advances to Day she did last Night, *Sir Fopling* —

Sir Fop. Prithee do not talk of her.

Med. She would be a bonne Fortune.

Sir Fop. Not to me, at present.

Med. How so?

Sir Fop. An Intrigue now would be but a Temptation
to me, to throw away that Vigour on one, which I
shall shortly make my Court to the whole Sex in a
Manner.

Med. Wisely consider'd, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. No one Woman is worth the loss of a Cut in
Caper,

Med.

94 *The Man of Mode*

Mad. But where 'tis so universally designed.

Wood. Mr. Dorimant, every one has spoken so much in Your behalf, that I can no longer doubt but I was in the Wrong.

Lev. There's nothing but Falseness and Impertinence In this World, all Men are Villains or Fools; take Example From my Misfortunes. Adieu, if thou wouldst be Happy, give thy self wholly up to Goodness.

Har. to *Lev.* Mr. Dorimant has been your God—
Almighty long enough, 'tis time to think of another—

Lev. Jee'd by her! I will lock my self up in my House, and never see the World again.

Har. A Nunnery is the more fashionable Place for such A Retreat, and has been the fatal Consequence of many A Belle Passion.

Lev. Hold Heart 'till I get home; Should I answer 'Twould make her Triumph greater. [Is going on]

Dev. Your Hand, Sir *Fopling*—

Sir Fop. Shall I wait upon you, Madam?

Lev. Legion of Fools, as many Devils take thee. [Exit Loveless]

Mad. Dorimant! I pronounce thy Reputation clear—
And henceforward when I would know any thing of Woman, I will consult no other Oracle.

Sir Fop. Stark Mad, by all that's handsome! *Dorimant.*
Thou hast engag'd me in a pretty Business.

Dev. I have not leisure now to talk about it.

O. Bell. Out a pize, what does this Man of Mode do Here again?

Town. He'll be an excellent Entertainment within, Brother, and is luckily come to raise the Mirth of the Company.

Wood. Madam, I take my leave of you.

Town. What do you mean, Madam?

Wood. To go this Afternoon part of my Way to

Hardly—

O. Bell. A-dod you shall stay and Dine first; come, we Will all be good Friends, and you shall give Mr. Dorimant Leave to wait upon you and your Daughter in the Country.

Wed. If his Occasions bring him that way, I have
 so good an Opinion of him, he shall be welcome.
 To a great rambling one I fancy, that looks as it
 is not Inhabited, the Family's so small, there you'll
 find my Mother, an old lame Aunt, and my self, Sir,
 set up on Chairs at a distance in a large Parlour;
 they moping like three or four melancholy Birds in
 a vast Vellary — Does not this suggest your
 situation?

er. Not at all, Madam: The first time I saw you,
 you left me with the Pangs of Love upon me, and this
 my Soul has quite given up her Liberty.

er. This is more dismal than the Country, *Emilia*,
 I am going to that sad Place. Methinks I
 hear the hateful Noise of Bees already — Know,

er, Know — There's Musick in the west Cry in
 my Bell and Cucumbers to guide.

er. Sister, knowing of this Matter, I hope you
 have provided us some good Cheer.

er. I have, Brother, and the Fiddles too —

er. Let 'em strike up then, the young Lady shall
 have a Dance before she departs.

[Dance.

[After the Dance.

er. Now we'll in, and make this an arrant Wedding-Day —

er. If these honest Gentlemen rejoice.

[To the Pit.

er. And the Boy has made a happy Choice.

[Ex. Omnes.



